

# COUNTRY LIFE

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MRS. ERNEST GUTHE, WITH HER CHILDREN ANN AND DIGBY.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## Sugar Beet Costs and the Subsidy

THE costs of production in the sugar beet industry are likely to assume much importance when the factories are called upon to make their new price contracts with growers for the next three years. The Sugar Beet (Subsidy) Act of 1924 provided for the payment to the factories from the National Exchequer for the first four years of a sum of 19s. 6d. per cwt. of white sugar manufactured. During this period the price agreed upon between the growers and the factories for sugar beet was 54s. per ton of washed roots, provided the sugar content was 15.5 per cent. An addition or deduction of 3d. per ton was made for every 0.1 per cent. of difference in sugar content. The value of this subsidy during the period 1924-27 was equivalent to £20 16s. per acre of beets grown, or 56s. 8d. per ton. In other words, the factories operated on the very favourable basis of securing their raw materials for nothing. For the following three years, 1928-30, the subsidy was reduced to 13s. per cwt. of white sugar, and the prices for washed beets agreed upon between the factories and the growers was 46s. per ton of 15.5 per cent. sugar content. A variation in the bonus was made, however, for extra sugar content, which became 3.6d. per ton for every 0.1 per cent. between 15.5 and 16.5 per cent., while above 16.5 per cent. the

bonus was 4d. for every 0.1 per cent. of sugar. According to the Oxford figures, the value of the subsidy during the last three years has been in the region of £15 17s. per acre, or 41s. 3d. per ton of washed beets.

The immediate problem for the beet grower is to try to forecast what is likely to happen when the subsidy is reduced to 6s. 6d. per cwt. of sugar, which is the rate provided for in the three seasons of 1931-33. It is extremely difficult to indicate at the time of writing what the factories will offer to growers. The prices are fixed by agreement between the two directly interested parties on a collective basis, though thus far there has always been the natural suspicion that the factories have had the better of the bargain. There are, however, two sides which are interested in the matter, and the factories have had to consider what will be their position in the no-subsidy era some four years hence. There should not be any great difficulty in arriving at a true estimation of the price at which it will prove a sufficiently attractive proposition to grow sugar beet. The existence of the factories and the growers is to some extent interdependent. Both are interested partners and equally necessary to each other's existence. If the beet sugar industry is to flourish, as it is hoped, then the spirit of give and take will obviously have to be rigidly observed.

In connection with the economics of beet growing, a very timely publication has been issued by the University of Cambridge Department of Agriculture dealing with Sugar Beet in the Eastern Counties (Haffer and Sons, Limited, Cambridge, 2s. 6d. net). This report reviews the financial results of beet growing and the principal factors influencing them during the seasons 1927-29. It is evident from the material collected in this bulletin that agriculturists cannot afford any substantial reduction in the existing price paid by the factories for their raw material. That there will be a temptation to press for a considerable reduction is probable, especially in view of the very considerable increase in the area under beet in the present year. It is imperative for the economical working of the factories that they should be assured of a crop which will keep them working to their maximum capacity, and it becomes necessary to plead for a measure of confidence so that the price for the next three years will prove remunerative to both parties.

The Cambridge evidence indicates that the net cost at which growers can deliver roots to the factories is about 40s. per ton for beets of 17 per cent. sugar content, but this figure would not leave any profit to the grower. If the present scale of payment for sugar content is observed, then the net cost is equivalent to 35s. 4d. per ton for beets of 15.5 per cent. sugar. One can well imagine that if the factories attempted to suggest this figure for the next three years it would result in a considerable reduction in the beet acreage, and would thus defeat their own interests. In beet culture profits are as much dependent on soil types as on efficient management of the crop. Thus the Fentypes of soil have yielded relatively high profits, the Cambridge figures indicating an average cash profit of nearly £7 per acre in the last three years. Against this, the best fenland soils have only averaged about £2 10s. per acre. While it might be suggested that the future of the beet sugar industry in this country is rosier in fenland country, it has to be remembered that the majority of the factories draw the greater part of their supplies from other types of soil. Consideration of this factor has led the Cambridge investigators to suggest that a more equal distribution of profits would result if the bonus for increased sugar content was considerably increased.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Guthe, wife of Mr. Ernest Guthe of Kepwick Hall, York, with her two children, Ann and Digby. Mrs. Guthe is the daughter of Sir Harry Renwick.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES.

WHILE everybody is agreed that "something should be done" to control irresponsible building and planning in town and countryside, there are few people with any very definite ideas on the subject. In an address given before the British Association at Bristol last week Dr. Vaughan Cornish returned once again to the question of regional planning and the æsthetic relation of town and country. While it is easy to take a map and schedule this and that area from building, it is much more difficult to state precisely the sort of conditions which need to be observed in controlling development. The value of Dr. Cornish's address was that he attended to the practical points which need consideration. Why, for instance, does bright red brick offend in the country? Because "red and green exhibit extreme contrast in colour, and as the green of the landscape is determined by Nature, we must choose red brick of such subdued tint that the total contrast of tone and colour shall not be staring." Many of the brick and tile houses erected by competent architects since the War owe their excellence to this very reason that their tones are sufficiently subdued. The study of colour, so keenly pursued in questions of dress and furnishing, might well be extended to the landscape, whether urban or rural. We should then discover, for example, why it is that the scarlet geraniums which look so well in the deep shadow of an Oxford quadrangle appear garish when seen in full sunshine on a country lawn.

IT cannot be said that the defeat of the English team by 10 goals to 5 in the first of the International polo matches, played at Meadow Brook on Saturday, came as any shock to polo people in this country. It was recognised that the visiting team had an exceedingly formidable task, especially in the matter of ponies. The British mounts appear to have come fairly satisfactorily out of the test until the last two chukkers of the match, when the American ponies, which included some of the most costly mounts in the world, turned the scale in favour of the defending side. England has frequently been accused of getting too slowly off the mark in these matches, and it is true that in some games the Americans have gained a commanding advantage before our men became properly warmed up. This was not the case in Saturday's encounter, as not only did we secure the first goal, but we were leading at the end of the opening chukker. On the whole, England has no reason to be ashamed of the display of her representatives in this particular game. Captain Charles Tremayne, who captained the team without placing himself in the team, had serious difficulties to contend with at the eleventh hour. One was the rather serious illness of Mr. Aidan Roark. Another was the fact that Captain George was off colour and could not be selected for the game at Meadow Brook.

This meant that the side had to be completely reorganised, and Mr. Gerald Balding and Mr. Lewis Lacey were called on to play in positions to which they are unaccustomed. It was a hard-fought tussle in the best spirit of polo and did little to destroy interest in the second meeting of these fine teams.

BY the end of the week two of the most beautiful vessels ever built will have met in an international contest and we shall know the fate of the America's Cup. Neither Shamrock nor Enterprise allows or receives any sort of handicap, and the first ship home will, barring fouls, be the winner. Everybody hopes, of course, that Sir Thomas Lipton may at last succeed in his lifelong ambition, and certainly no challenger has left these shores before with a more satisfactory preparation for her ordeal than Shamrock V. But it is very difficult to foretell the result of such a race, and it must not be forgotten that the challenger on these occasions is badly handicapped by the necessity for her journey across the Atlantic. After her first long preparation and tuning-up, she must be fitted out with an entirely different rig, and when she arrives on the other side she must be refitted and the whole tuning-up process gone through again. But Shamrock is now reputed to be in fine trim, and if there is a little weight in the wind on Saturday we may hope for the best. Meanwhile, in the contest for the British-American Cup the small six-metre yachts have lost to America, and the American victory has equalised the score for the new cup, which has followed that which Great Britain won outright.

### LITTLE STREAMS.

It's hard to think that they are real,  
Those little streams that swiftly steal

Away from lonely Cranmere Pool,  
Those little streams so clear and cool;

And yet I've heard them tumbling by  
With nothing but the lapwing's cry

To break their joyous song which fills  
The silence of the rolling hills,

Those gurgling streams that laugh between  
Their thick peat banks full-fringed with green,

Up on the moor where tors are bold,  
And ling is red, and gorse is gold.

Out here, beneath a brazen sky,  
Where mile-wide river beds are dry,

It's good to think of Cranmere Pool  
And little streams so clear and cool.

A. R. U.

THE annual report of the National Trust for 1929-30 once again shows a large increase in the properties under its care. The year saw the acquisition of Runnymede, Housesteads Camps on the Roman Wall, Glebe Cliff, Tintagel, besides several properties in the Lake District. There was also the hard-won battle of Friday Street, which has consolidated the Trust's position on Leith Hill. But in spite of all these welcome bequests the financial position of the Trust is still anything but satisfactory. The annual subscribers only number 1,700—which is less than an eighth of the membership of the National Art Collections Fund—and that although the Trust is now more than thirty years old. In his letter accompanying the report Mr. John Bailey makes a special appeal for the acquisition this year of a property in the Coniston neighbourhood. The Trust already owns much land in the Lake District, but so far has scarcely entered the region of Coniston. A splendid opportunity now exists of acquiring a large area of land generously offered by Mrs. Heelis at the same figure she paid to save it when the property came into the market. Of the £8,700 required about £1,200 still remains to be raised. By completing the purchase of this area the Trust

will be able to link up with it the property it owns in the Duddon Valley.

THE work of giving back to the Abbey some of the richness of colour which it once possessed continues to go on under the careful eyes of the Dean and Chapter. First there was Professor Tristram's revelation of the wealth of mediæval paintings hidden under the thick coatings of London grime and soot. Since then the choir stalls have been painted and gilded, and now gilding has been applied to the pair of iron gates in the centre of the choir screen. These gates are among the few survivals of the considerable works of refurnishing and restoration which were commissioned by William III and carried out by Wren. Up till now they have remained almost unnoticed in the obscurity of the screen arch, but the gold decoration recently applied shows up once again the full beauty of the ironwork. That the gates were originally gilded is known from the statements of eighteenth century writers, so that the Dean and Chapter have acted strictly in accordance with precedent. Along with the decoration of the gates, the lunette filling the head of the arch, which, for some reason or other, had been removed, has been replaced by new wrought ironwork in keeping with the old.

WHEN, within a few weeks, the Mansion House is closed for reconstruction and repairs, the Lord Mayor will have to find a temporary residence elsewhere in the City. The Corporation Committee, which has been considering the various probable or possible places, has not found it by any means an easy matter to settle. The halls of the City Companies, though possessing magnificent dining-rooms, scarcely provide convenient accommodation for a lord mayor and his family to live in. Private houses in the City are now so rare that to set about finding a suitable one is rather like looking for a needle in a haystack. Until a few years ago the discreet Georgian building in St. Paul's Churchyard, once the chapter house, was used as the residence of the Archdeacon of London, but it is now half bank, half club, and for various reasons has been found impossible. The Committee thinks that the Lord Mayor will have to live in a hotel. Now that most of the old City hotels have disappeared there only remains the choice of one of those belonging to the railway companies. It will seem a little odd for a Lord Mayor of London to be stranded at Liverpool Street or Cannon Street as if he were some newly arrived foreigner.

COUNTING heads is, perhaps, the easiest mental operation in the world, but from a practical point of view it is not always the most effective. We count heads when we want a new Government, but we do not always get the best possible Government as a result. In the same way it is often tacitly assumed that newspaper articles—and still more advertisements—which "reach" the largest number of people will naturally have the greatest effect. On this basis, indeed, the heads of the great newspaper syndicates are wont to claim that people who air their views or advertise their wares anywhere but in periodicals which have the largest possible circulations are wasting their time and money. Is this actually the case? At one of the most interesting sessions of the recent advertising Congress at Hastings, Lady Dunedin described her own reactions to appeals in print. Since then the *Caxton Magazine* has approached a number of other women of varying tastes living in very different surroundings and asked them various questions on these subjects. The first question put to the ladies concerned was "Do you often buy as a direct result of reading a newspaper advertisement?" To this a banker's wife replied categorically "No," a doctor of science replied "Very seldom," a private secretary, a managing director and a professor of art "No," and a solicitor's wife "Occasionally." Several of them modified their answers by saying, "except in the case of shops I know," and the managing director explained her "No" by adding, "I haven't the time to look at them."

BUT the most interesting replies are those which relate to the advertisements appearing in illustrated periodicals. The Managing Director still "has no time to spare," but the others "love the advertisements purely from the point of view of entertainment," or, at any rate, "to kill time," and the banker's wife replies to the question, "Do the advertisements make any appeal to you?" "Yes, so much so that I read the advertisements before the general matter." This verdict does not appear at first sight to be as flattering to the Editor and his staff as it might be. But it is very easy to understand what it means. In this office, for instance—if we may for a moment be personal—we are constantly receiving letters from those not only at the ends of the earth, but much nearer home, who tell us that they spend some of the happiest hours of their lives in selecting the house in which they dream of living till they die from among the country houses advertised in *COUNTRY LIFE*. This is an extreme instance, perhaps, of the delight which advertisements can give, but it is none the less an example of the psychological effect which can be produced by judicious advertisement, an effect obviously far more valuable than a mere haphazard counting of heads would ever indicate. And almost as interesting is the reference of the professor of art to the fact that it is the beauty of the advertisement, its spaciousness and fine typography, which give it its appeal to her.

#### RIPENESS IS ALL.

I have seen apple trees grow old  
With autumn, all their fruit  
Ripened before November's cold  
Could frost the flying leaves about the root.  
Softly the mellowed apples fell  
Into Time's kindly hand,  
The while the earth's dark smell  
Like sultry banners lapped the sun-warm land.

I have seen other orchards strewn  
With wreckage from a gale,  
Trees that were torn and pale  
And apples bruised and pallid like the moon  
Which rides a stormy heaven in dismay,  
Racked fruit untimely flung  
From friendly boughs, once hung  
With all the gleaming pageantries of May.

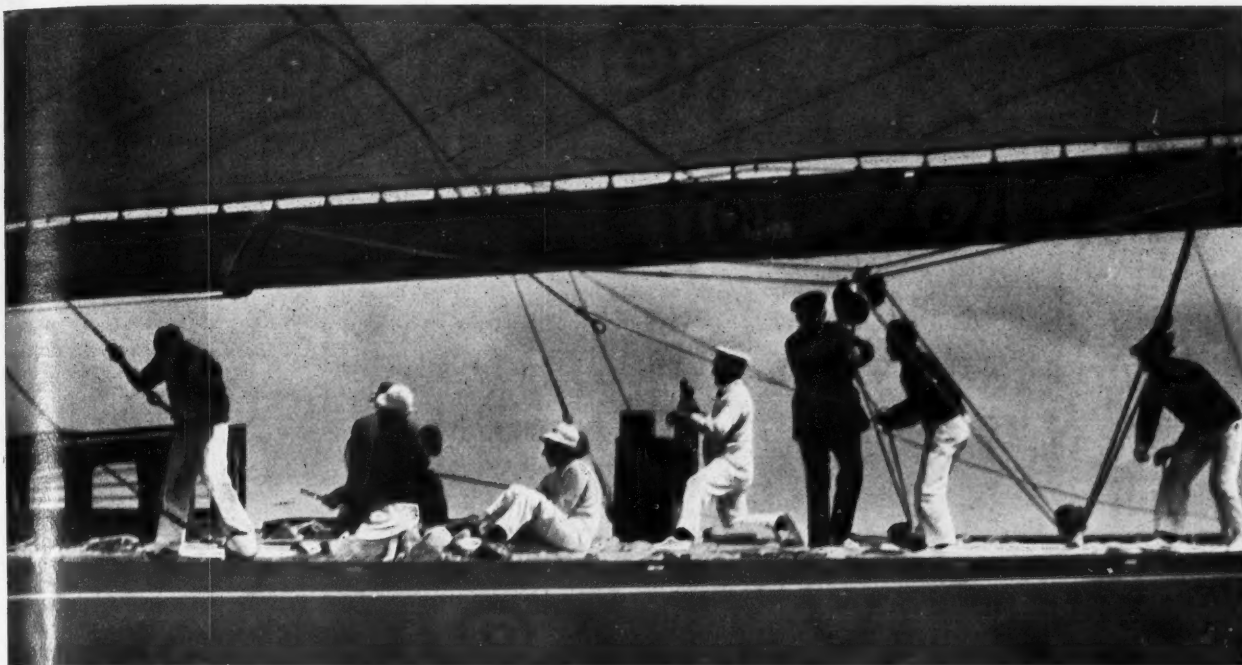
The man is but a fool who grieves  
Because there's always winter at the end  
And smoke from burning leaves,  
For timely winter is a friend  
Healing the aching ardours of the year.  
But storms that reap a harvest green—  
Ripe fruit that might have been—  
Of these, who shall deliver him from fear?

CONSTANCE PENDLEBURY.

AT Liverpool next week the centenary of the opening of the original Liverpool and Manchester railway is to be celebrated by a large railway fair in Wavertree Playground. There it will be possible to see—and go for rides in—an exact reproduction of the original train which puffed out of the Great Tunnel at Liverpool on September 15th, 1830. The occasion was a notable one. Half a million people from all over the adjoining country lined the thirty-mile route, and the Duke of Wellington was present in person and travelled in a gorgeous carriage rather like a State coach. Eccles was reached in fifty-five minutes (at an average speed of 15 m.p.h.), when a stop was made to take in water. It was then that the fatal accident happened to Huskisson. He had dismounted to greet the Duke and was knocked down by the "Dart," one of the engines coming along the other line. By a cruel irony, the man who more than anyone else was responsible for the railway company's Bill getting through Parliament was destined to be the victim of the first railway accident.



# BRITISH AND AMERICAN YACHTING



STUDY FOR A SHAMROCK FRIEZE.

**B**URYING the hatchet is not a nautical saying, and in the United States it is not lawful to splice the main brace, but some such warm phrase would describe the present relationship between British and American yachtsmen.

For while Shamrock and Enterprise are beginning a contest which is better worth fighting than any in the long but, alas! disreputable history of the America's Cup, a team of small yachts representing each country have just concluded a splendid match which might serve as a model for the conduct of an international sporting event of any kind.

The sea rivalry between the two nations, always keen, was most intense in the competition among the early China clippers towards 1850; and actually in that year was built the first American

yacht to visit England. It is necessary to glance, however briefly, at the career of that vessel and the history of the trophy she won from us, since the quest of that grail is almost the whole story of British-American yachting.

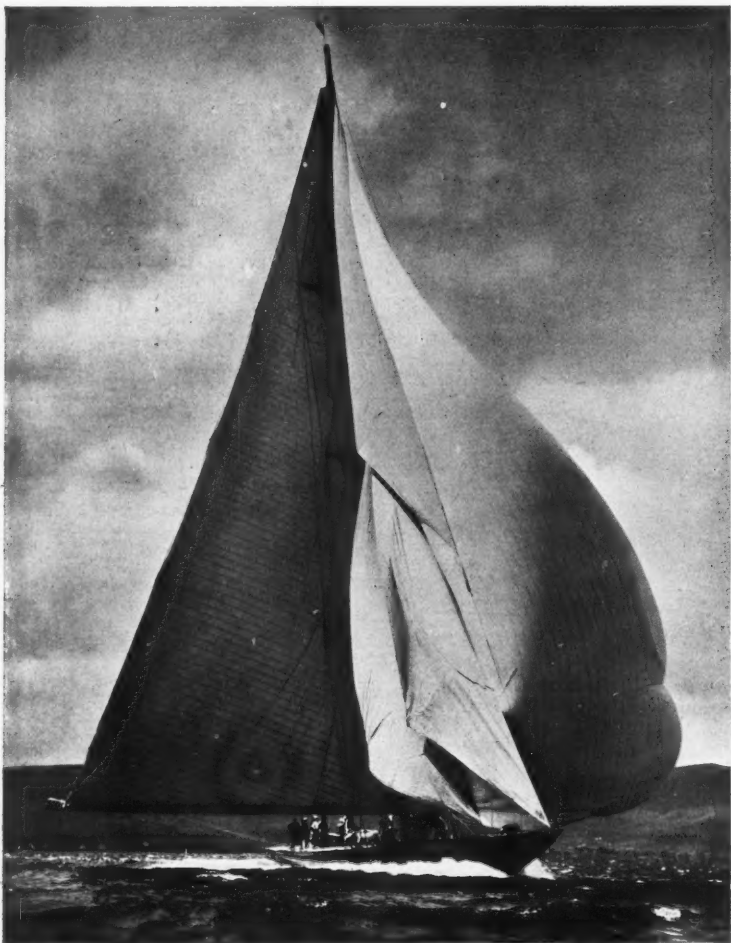
When the schooner America visited these shores in 1851 she competed in a race round the Isle of Wight organised by the Royal Yacht Squadron. She won this race, and the trophy she took back with her was afterwards presented to the New York Yacht Club, who were to offer it, in accordance with a "deed of gift" which contained many restrictions, as a perpetual challenge trophy. This, then, is that "America's Cup" which for eighty years we have been trying to win back. Shamrock V represents the fourteenth attempt. That no challenge should have been



G. L. A. Blair.

BELLYING SAIL: SHAMROCK BEFORE THE WIND.

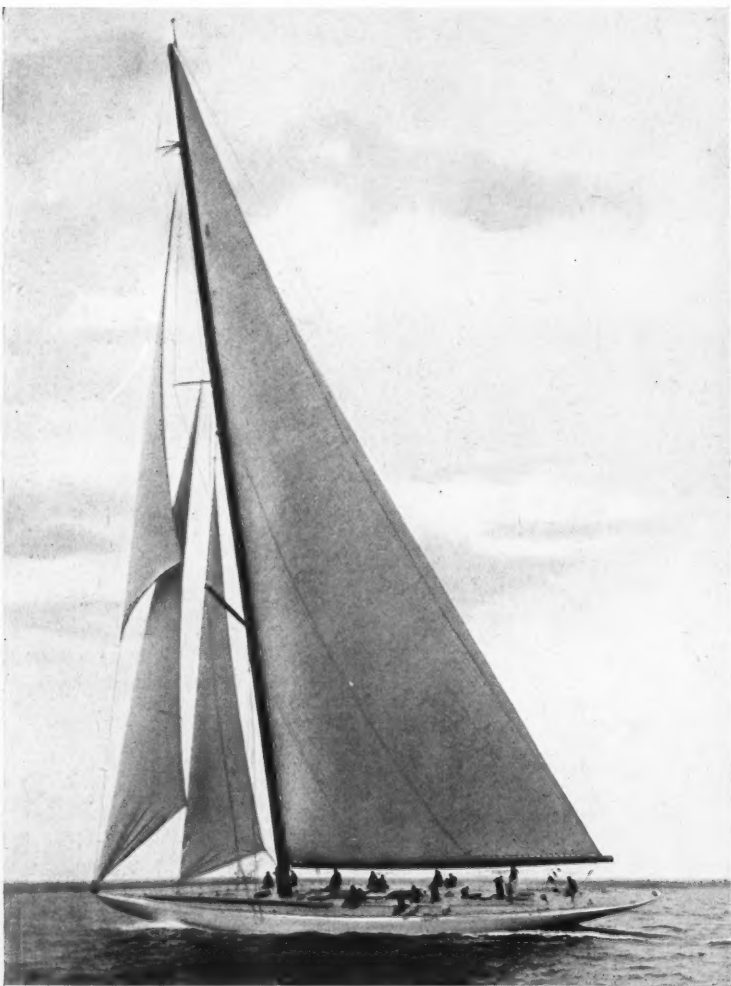
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SHAMROCK V.

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ENTERPRISE.

successful is, perhaps, the main reason for which this particular cup has come to be regarded as the chief prize of international yacht racing. But it is also popularly looked upon as the most desirable and the most famous of all international sporting trophies. The reason for this is that past contests have deeply stirred national feeling; and the reason for this, in turn, is that the British have believed—and, indeed, have repeatedly said—that the fight is not a fair one; while the Americans have felt, with good cause to feel, that the challengers have not always taken their defeats in a proper sporting spirit.

To sift the rights and wrongs and weigh the pros and cons would require a summary of the conditions and the conduct of each of the past contests. In short, things went from bad to worse until they culminated in the deplorable circumstances which led to the expulsion of Lord Dunraven from the New York Yacht Club. Sir Thomas Lipton's sportsmanlike acceptance of his successive defeats has done as much as one man's actions and attitude can do to restore a proper feeling to what had become an extremely trying contest.

But the worst effect of these disputes was to discourage the sport between the two countries; that wretched cup shadowed the horizon. And it was not until (I think) 1920—nearly seventy years after the America's victory—that either country made an effort to rid themselves of this obsession. "Let's forget it," they said after the last Shamrock challenge, "and arrange a match between small and inexpensive boats, built to the same rule." So thus was born the British-American Cup.

It was a trophy jointly subscribed for, and to be contested for on terms of perfect equality. At least, if there was any inequality, it lay in the fact that the boats were to be built to the International Rule, which all European countries had adopted, but not the Americans. This seemingly small technicality was, in effect, a hugely important step towards the reunion of British and American yachtsmen.

Now, it is necessary to go back for a moment to the America's Cup—how it always gets in the way! I think it was in 1907 that Sir Thomas Lipton suggested that the contest for the cup should be sailed by vessels built to the New York Yacht Club's "J" class; but it is only this year that the challenger and defender are built to this class; which means that they are seaworthy and sensible vessels, not racing freak machines. This, then, is another step forward. Yet the New York Yacht Club adheres to what is called the "Universal Rule" for all its classes, though, inspired by the example of the sport to be had under the International Rule in such contests as the British-American Cup, almost all other American clubs have adopted that rule. Therefore, the next step towards unanimity is the adoption by the powerful N.Y.Y.C. of the International Rule, or that all others shall adopt their rule. (What, I think, is likely to happen is that there will be a new and truly international rule, which embodies the best that is in the N.Y.Y.C.'s present "Universal Rule.")

All this, however, savours of the slide-rule and drawing-board; yet the melancholy truth is that many, very many, of the past contests for the America's Cup have been won or lost in drawing-offices rather than in the ampler arena of the ocean. Not so now, however, with Shamrock and Enterprise and the teams for the British-American Cup.

One word more on this dry subject of building rules, because this is the largest of the rocks which have wrecked the barque of international yachting: They are necessary, first, in order to prevent the building of freaks which are good for nothing but the scrap-heap immediately someone has thought of something yet more extreme in shape, material, or sail area; and secondly, to produce a type of vessel of nearly the same performance and of the same characteristics, so that they shall run a "class" fit to race against one another until they are worn out. And it makes for economy. The cost of the vessels built to challenge and defend the America's Cup runs into millions of pounds. A vessel such as Shamrock and Enterprise need not cost more than £20,000 to £30,000. We shall have such a "class" presently, a fleet which, counting all countries, will comprise perhaps a score of vessels; and then we shall see some fun.

A contest for the America's Cup is almost completely a competition for professionals, while the small-boat contest of corresponding eminence, the British-American Cup, is almost altogether amateur. In the British team, for example, Mr. Richards





*Beken and Son.*

PRUDENCE.



FELMA.

*Copyright.*

steers his yacht Felma, Mr. Preston the Prudence, Mr. E. S. Parker the Fintra, and Major Stuart Black the Coral. Felma and Prudence are Solent boats, by the way, while the home waters of Fintra and Coral are in the Clyde.

The first British-American Cup was won outright by Great Britain. The new cup was first sailed for in the Clyde in 1928, so that the American victory last week has equalised the score. The next series is to be sailed in British waters in 1932.

Past contests for the British-American Cup have shown that the American boats are most often superior in light airs and when there is much turning to windward in light weather; the British boats are at their best when there is some weight in the wind. We may like to think of this as a national characteristic; anyway, in my humble opinion, this is likely to prove true of the respective merits of the challenger and defender of the America's Cup.

The course for the America's Cup race is from a mark about nine miles south-east of Brenton Reef light-vessel, which is south of Rhode Island. Former contests have always been

decided off Sandy Hook. In September the weather off Sandy Hook is notoriously freakish and fickle; it is either a flat calm or blowing all ways at once. The change to the new venue was adopted, we should note, at the suggestion of the holders of the trophy. Off Rhode Island the winds are likely to prove truer and more robust; and so that the vessels shall be tested on all points of sailing, the courses will vary each day. One day, for example, the course will consist of a windward and leeward leg, each fifteen miles in length, the next day they will be sent on a triangular course, each side of which will be ten miles long. The following day the vessels will be given another windward and leeward race, and so on, alternately until one side shall have had the best four out of the series of seven races.

Another reason why this contest must better deserve the intense interest always shown in past struggles for the Cup is that neither vessel allows or receives any sort of handicap; the first home will (barring fouls) be the winner. These two beautiful vessels, Shamrock and Enterprise, should make a beautiful match. Two such cutters have never before met each other in



*G. L. A. Blair.*

CORAL.



FINTRA.

*Copyright.*

THE SIX-METRE ENGLISH YACHTS WHICH FAILED TO RETAIN THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP.

an international contest. They represent all that wealth and genius can bring out of the shipwright's ancient art; now it is left to the men that man them.

The men that man them! There is a feeling in both countries that Shamrock is more likely to win the cup than any vessel that has so far tried. This optimism is based on the confidence felt in Mr. Nicholson as the greatest designer of large racing yachts, and in the belief that Captain Ned Heard is without a peer as a racing strategist. He is magnificently level-headed. All I have heard him say of his ship is that "She is beautiful and

she is all right"; but you should have seen his tranquil smile. By chance, I was in an American yacht at the time of the last challenge, and nothing so impressed me as the taut determination of American racing yachtsmen. They have an attitude of mind towards international contests which we might call "organising for victory," but fundamentally, of course, it is nothing but a zestful thoroughness which this time, in Shamrock V, we have not disdained to copy. No challenger has left these shores with such a thorough, nor anything like such a satisfactory, preparation for her ordeal.

JOHN SCOTT HUGHES.

## AT THE THEATRE

### SHAKESPEARE AND CHARLOT

**A** CAD in one of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays is astonished at the standard of clerical efficiency "considering that most of our clergymen are shamefully underpaid." Pryce Ridgeley's remark should be continually borne in mind by anybody presuming to criticise a Shakespearean production, for the reason that there is one fundamental difference between this kind of production and any other. The assumption in the case of the non-Shakespearean venture is that it will be a success; if it isn't, extraordinary reasons will be forthcoming. The Shakespearean case is the exact opposite. All our experience, since Irving left us, goes to prove that Shakespeare in the West End won't do, and that there must be extraordinary reasons outside the play before we can look for a success. The sentimental playgoer may not desire to have this particular truth waved at him and will probably deny it. But the men of affairs who are necessarily behind the production even of Shakespeare's plays have got to face this. Your Shakespearean producer is not in business for his health or amusement any more than the producer of any other kind of theatrical entertainment, and if you are going to lose some thousands of pounds upon a production it is not very much consolation, though it is the only one, to know that you lost it upon an intelligent production. Leaving on one side the Old Vic, which is an exception to every rule, there is probably only one way to produce Shakespeare in this country with any chance of a success. That way is Tree's way, and that way is simplicity itself. Or rather the opposite. If the play is "Julius Cæsar," you engage whoever happens to be the Tadema, Poynter or even Edwin Long of the moment, or anybody else who has effectively and on the walls of the Academy limned Roman young ladies lighting Roman candles in Roman bathrooms for the milky Empress attended in the middle distance by a coal-black eunuch. If the play be "Antony and Cleopatra," you invite the expert assistance of Mr. Bertram Mills in the matter of elephants, dromedaries and their appropriate mahouts. If it be "As You Like It," you enlist for that green sward the sympathetic interest of the M.C.C., even hoping for active co-operation and the loan of a few square yards of Lord's. For "The Tempest," you approach the Royal Yacht Squadron; and for "The Dream," you go cap in hand to Mr. Maskelyne. There is always hope that in these circumstances the public will come to see something else and not be put off by the play. That way success and money conceivably lie, though it probably means risking at least £25,000. To spend £5,000 on the intelligent, moderately handsome and entirely adequate staging of one of Shakespeare's plays is not only to court disaster but to take it to bed with you. The only other safe way is to spend £5 and no more on your Shakespearean production. You will not have a success, but you cannot lose more than £5. I gather that Baliol Holloway Productions, Limited, have not spent very much upon the revival of "Richard III" at the New Theatre, and from the bottom of my heart I hope that they have not spent very much, because at the time of writing it does not look as though we shall have to re-write the history of Shakespearean production and what happens to it in the West End.

What this revival has to offer is some adequate staging and one magnificent performance—that of Mr. Baliol Holloway in the title rôle. I have yet to be convinced that the West End playgoer cares anything at all for any play by Shakespeare presented without irrelevant attractions. If the Duke of Buckingham were played by Mr. Ivor Novello and Queen Margaret by Miss Marion Lorne, if the young woman who established the new fashion in being wooed and won were handed over to Miss Tallulah Bankhead, if Clarence's dream were dreamed by Mr. Ronald Squire, and if, finally, Richard were played on alternate nights by Mr. Layton and Mr. Johnstone—why, then there is a reasonable chance that the play might succeed. At the present moment I fear that Mr. Holloway's

magnificent acting as Richard stands no better chance of being generally appreciated than did Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet. In the meantime our optimists talk gaily of erecting a National Theatre at a cost of a million pounds, and the providing a building for the housing of all those millions of Shakespeare-worshippers who at present cannot be accommodated. Mr. Granville-Barker has just written a charming little work of imagination in which he proves that such a National Theatre cannot fail to be two-thirds full at every performance. I invite this most distinguished author, critic and theorist to visit the New Theatre with some statistically-minded friend, and I hope that the result of any such visit will justify Mr. Barker and confound me utterly. But I would lay down a mathematical proposition derived from other Shakespearean productions which, since they are over, cannot now be harmed. That proposition is this: When five seats out of every six are empty, the theatre is one-sixth full, and one-sixth of anything is not two-thirds. *Nor anything like it.*

An alternative suggestion for the rôle of Lady Anne might be Miss Beatrice Lillie, for Miss Lillie is an actress upon whom all fashionable London dotes, though one or two hypercritical critics have suggested that they cannot see exactly what there is to dote upon in this actress beyond an adorable personality. In "Charlot's Masquerade," the *revue* with which the new Cambridge Theatre has opened, Miss Lillie does a number of things and none of them very well. She sings, dances, impersonates and acts, the whole point of each of these activities being the jimp and modish failure thereof. The reader has seen many first-class jugglers fail purposely to do a trick. Miss Lillie's acting is like that. It may be, of course, that this actress's failure to achieve anything at all demands a virtuosity in technique which escapes me. There is a pianist at present before the public whose fingers are so fat that he can never hit less than two keys with any one of them, with the result that his rendering of Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso is, to say the least of it, capricious. To him the blurred cacophony is easy because he cannot do anything else. But this pianist has a rival who is also a professional pianist, and his delight is to imitate his friend's performance of the Rondo, which he does to perfection. As the playing necessitates exactly twice the number of notes Mendelssohn wrote, it follows that the second pianist's performance calls for a feat in technique of which those simple fellows, Liszt and Godowsky, have never dreamed. So again I say that it may be that Miss Lillie's acting is of this order. But it is either this or it is nothing. I hasten to add that the first-night audience acclaimed Miss Lillie as though she had been Bernhardt, Duse and Miss Ruth Draper rolled into one. And then Miss Lillie rashly undertook to imitate Miss Draper, with the result, somebody said, that it looked like Box Hill giving an impersonation of the Himalayas. My own view is that Miss Lillie is the one weak spot in an otherwise brilliant entertainment which contains two delicious ballets, quite two good sketches, and some devastatingly witty impersonations of Miss Bankhead, Lady Tree and Mrs. Swaffer, Wallace and Cochran. Towards the end of the evening a charming young lady called Miss Betty Frankiss appeared in an exiguous costume consisting of a pair of men's dress trousers and a white dress waistcoat with no back. This quaintly attired young lady then took about one-quarter of a second to prove that she had more brains, energy and sense of *revue* than the whole cast of this entertainment and some others put together. I attribute this success to some remainder of or harking back to the old music-hall quality, so unhappily lost to the lighter modern stage which, having fallen for the lisp and goo-goo of Miss Jessie Matthews, had not until the coming of Miss Frankiss recovered itself. Her advent, I am inclined to think, definitely threatens the schoolgirlishness which has latterly been the mode. It only remains to say that the new Cambridge Theatre is the prettiest in town, forgetting none. GEORGE WARRINGTON.



# THE EVE STUD NEAR NEWMARKET

SIR VICTOR SASOON'S INTERESTING ENTERPRISE.

ONCE upon a time there was a breeding stud at Wood Ditton on the outskirts of Newmarket, and it belonged to an odd and quite remarkable old man named Martin Gurry, who, it was said, could not write or read (though I always doubted this), but was a sage in all matters pertaining to the thoroughbred, whether at the stud or in the racing stable. He called the stud after the bungalow which was on the place. It was enough for him that it was known as the Bungalow Stud. Then Mr. A. Falcon bought it from him, and stayed there until he bought that Brook Stud at Cheveley which I described in these pages a short time ago. There came then Sir Victor Sassoon, who was keen not only to race on the best lines in England, but to breed his own racehorses. In India, where his great business interests lay, and especially in Bombay, he was well known, and particularly for his racing under the rules of the Western India Turf Club and the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. To this day he maintains big racing interests in India and, indeed, won the last Viceroy's Cup with his Star of Italy. Sir Victor decided that the name of the Bungalow Stud should henceforth be the Eve Stud, probably because he had always raced in India under the assumed name of "Mr. Eve."

The stallions now at the Eve Stud are Hot Night and Prestissimo, the one a bay horse by Gay Crusader from Tubbercurry, the other a grey by Caligula from Double Quick. There is a third horse, Silveris, by Phalaris from Silver Tag, who is wonderfully bred according to winning blood at the time when his parents were mated and who cost a lot of money when Sir Victor Sassoon paid 2,200 guineas for him as a foal.

Sir Victor and his advisers appear to have had a very considerable admiration for Gay Crusader and his potentialities as a sire. I am referring, of course, to the 1925 period. Everyone knows how ideas as to stallions and their worth can fluctuate in a very short time. Gay Crusader was unquestionably one of the most brilliant racehorses of the century. Alec Taylor, who trained him, is not quite sure to this day which was the better racehorse—Bayardo or his son, Gay Crusader. It is, however, equally unquestionable that Gay Crusader has not been as brilliant as a sire, bearing in mind the wonderful chances he has had since he went to the stud. Perhaps we expected too much of a racehorse



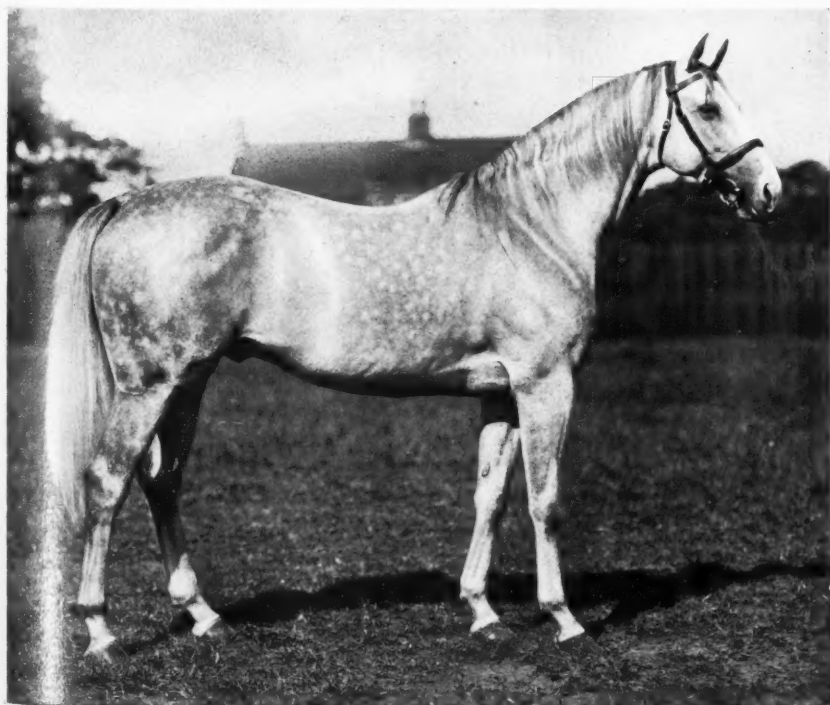
HOT NIGHT, BY GAY CRUSADER

that was so outstanding as he was in 1917. And yet there will be some to disagree with me and point to Hot Night, Legatee, Hurstwood, Kincardine and one or two others that in their turn are at the stud now as horses well above the average. I maintain, however, that they were exceptions among the many.

Hot Night was bred at Sledmere, and I well remember the late Lady Sykes and Mr. Cholmondeley showing the colt to me along with the rest of their yearlings which were shortly afterwards to go up for sale at Doncaster in 1925. He was a tallish colt then with a lot of quality, and reminded me very much of the rather lean and light-fleshed lines of his sire when in training and for some seasons after going to the stud. I had known his dam, Tubbercurry, when Charles Morton trained her. She was a medium-class sprinter that carried her head rather high, but was genuine. So good a judge as Mr. Cholmondeley would certainly not have bought her for the Sledmere Stud had he not approved her breeding and possibilities as a brood mare. Hot Night was her third foal, and as a yearling cost Sir Victor Sassoon 3,800 guineas.

Hot Night only ran twice as a two year old. The first time he dropped a small bombshell when he, unknown to the public, easily defeated a 9 to 4 on favourite in Damon for the Stud Produce Stakes at Newmarket. On the next occasion he shared favouritism for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and was unplaced. It is the horse's seconds for the two classic races that interest us most. He had run fourth for the Two Thousand Guineas, a position which has frequently permitted of promotion when we have come to Derby day. Call Boy beat him quite comfortably at Epsom, but up to a hundred yards or so from home it was a good race between them, and, anyhow, the two were a long way clear of the rest. Then Book Law did not shake him off easily in the St. Leger, and, altogether, Sir Victor had every reason to expect him to do his duty right nobly as a four year old.

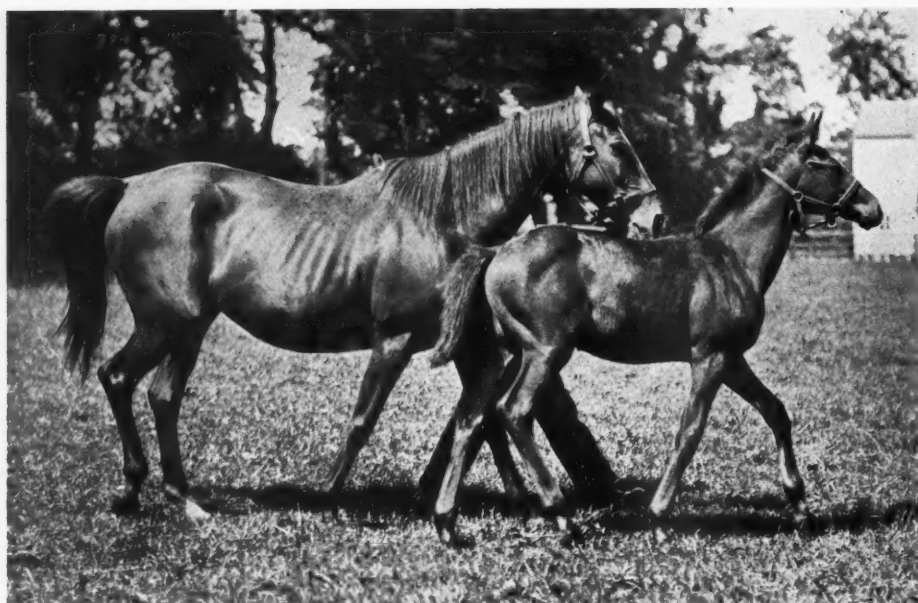
Only once did Hot Night run at that age, starting favourite at a particularly short price for the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park. He did badly and let everyone down, but I think now, as I did then, that there must have been some definite reason for the failure. It was not the real Hot Night that day, and, possibly, his owner did the right



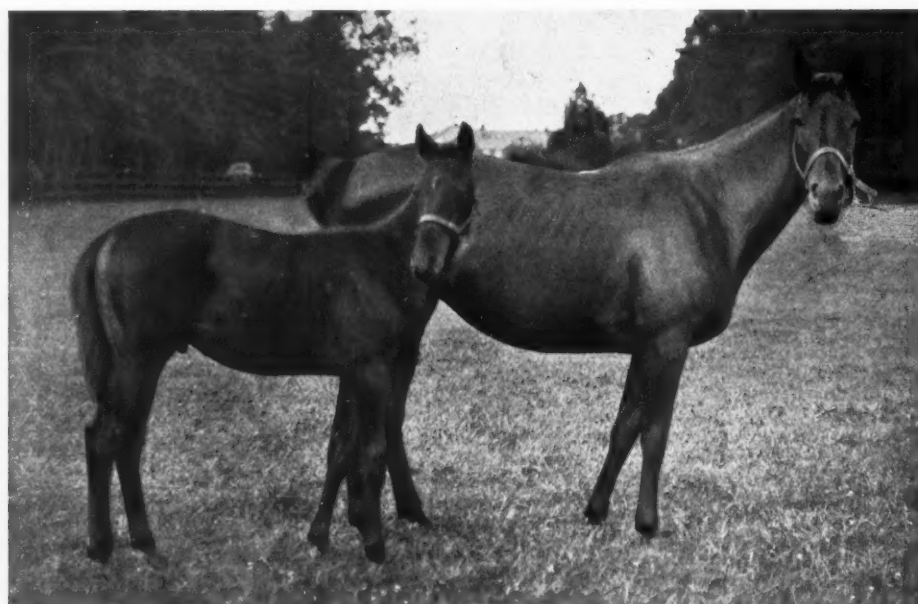
Frank Griggs

PRESTISSIMO, BY CALIGULA.

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MESSALINE AND FILLY FOAL BY MAN O'WAR.  
*The only foal by the great American horse in Europe to-day.*



LITTLE CYN, AN AMERICAN MARE, WITH COLT FOAL BY DARK LEGEND.



Frank Griggs.

PEGGY'S DOUBLE AND FILLY FOAL BY SOLARIO.

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thing in ordering him out of training at once and giving him plenty of time during the rest of 1928 to prepare for his stud duties. His first foals only arrived this year.

Prestissimo has been a year longer at the stud. He was always a lengthy, powerful grey with an unusual lot of bone, as I remember him when in training. The beautiful picture of him shows that he has continued to put on weight and masculine character. Some will say that he has not the reach and length of rein of Hot Night, but he, nevertheless, stands over a lot of ground and must have a remarkable stride. He is a son of the St. Leger winner Calibala, by The Tetrarch from Double Quick, a mare by Bachelor's Double. In colour Prestissimo takes after his sire, who, after costing the late Lord Wilton a lot of money as a yearling—he was bred by Mr. J. J. Maher in Ireland—was sold to Mr. Mathuradass Golcuddass of Bombay. That owner passed him on to Sir Victor Sassoon, who in turn sold him to a German syndicate. One still hears faint echoes of troubles that followed in the wake of that last deal.

Prestissimo ran half a dozen times as a two year old, and, actually, he won more money in stakes than is credited to Hot Night. His total from three wins was £2,999. The best race he won was the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, a race which calls for great speed on the part of a two year old. He was on the point of having a big three year old career, when he met with an accident and had to be taken out of training.

I am extremely impressed with the great strength of the Eve stud, at any rate numerically, in brood mares. There were no fewer than fifty-one of them at the beginning of last breeding season.

In the list of brood mares, the name of Comedienne at once catches my eye. She interests me very much, and I am particularly glad that Mr. Griggs has got a good picture of her, and also of her quite charming yearling filly by Hurry On, breeding which makes the young lady a full sister of the 1927 Derby winner Call Boy, who, as I have related, beat Hot Night.

I remember the late Foxhill trainer, W. T. Robinson, producing Comedienne to win a little race at Lincoln in the colours of the late Frank Curzon. She was rather a small, apple dark chestnut mare by Bachelor's Double. And, by the way, Bachelor's Double mares are going to be increasingly valuable for breeding purposes. Comedienne bred Call Boy for Mr. Curzon, and having suffered much from that horse at Epsom, Sir Victor made up his mind to buy Comedienne after Curzon's death and endeavour to breed another Call Boy from her.

Comedienne was purchased privately from Mr. Curzon's executors for £11,000, included in the deal being her colt foal by Son in Law. That colt came to be known as Sheridan, and I do not remember that he did any



good. Son in Law, however, had suited the mare as a mate. Comedy King was by that horse from the mare and when he was sold by auction, after an excellent racing record, he made 4,000 guineas to go to France. Just one other point I may mention to emphasise her value. In the year when Frank Curzon died he had introduced to us with some success a colt by Grand Parade from Comedienne which he named Strolling Player. When sold at auction to go to America he made 12,000 guineas!

Comedienne began breeding in 1919, her first foal being by White Magic and dying as a yearling. She seems to have been barren alternate years except when Call Boy intervened as her foal in 1924. She certainly has not done her duty so far by her present owner, for she was barren in 1928, she bred a filly named Call Girl, now a promising yearling, a year later, and she was barren again this year to Hot Night. She was last mated with Hurry On, in the hope of getting another Call Boy.

Bloodstock prices were, indeed, booming about the time of the Hulton sale in 1925. It was then Silver Tag was

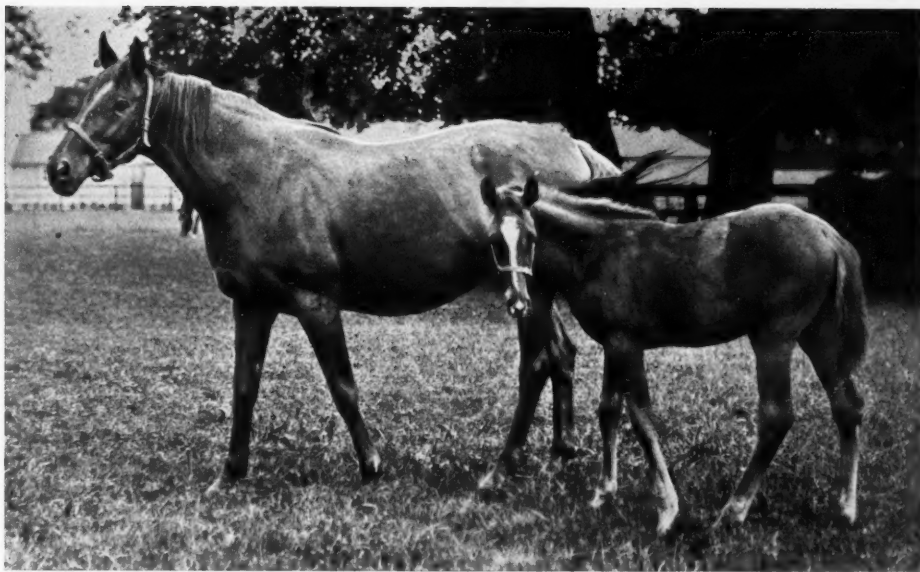
his trainer took a dislike to the mare because her offspring, although they could certainly go fast, were found unreliable. Anyhow, she had to go, though she had bred a succession of winners in St. Abbot, Midsummer, Song of Summer, Footmark and Roral.

The last named, last year, won the Gimcrack Stakes for Sir Abe Bailey.

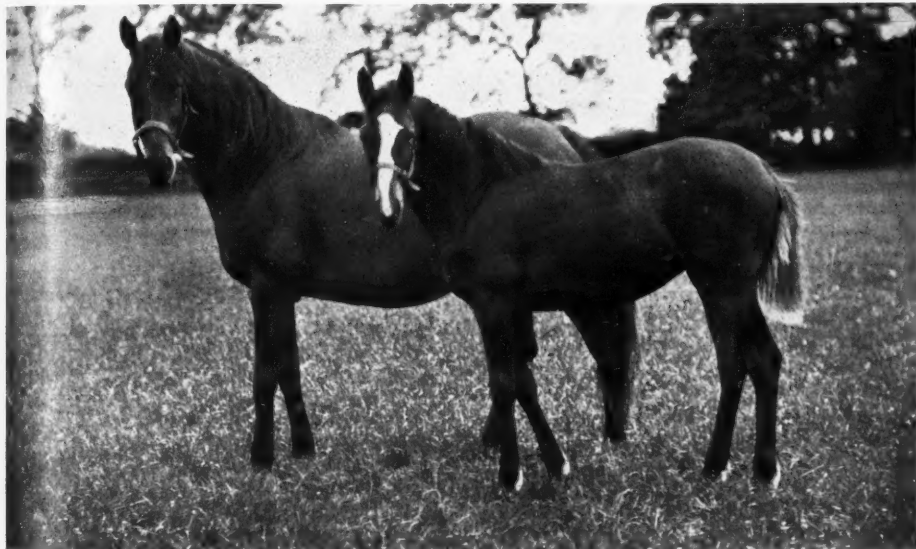
Fête is one of the youngest mares in the stud and one must hope that as a matron she will do something to wipe off a big debit against her. She ranks as one of the five figure yearlings (12,000 guineas) sold at auction since the War, and, incidentally, the grey daughter of Tetratema and Confey (dam of Oojah) never won a race. Rosmarin, by St. Frusquin from Rose of Ayrshire (an Ayrshire mare), cost Sir Victor Sassoon 3,800 guineas on the same day as he bought Silver Tag.

The mare Dawn is only a six year old, and, therefore, unproved yet, but she is interesting because, being by Chaucer from Dawn Wind, she is a half sister to the brilliant Tiffin, who was by Tetratema from Dawn Wind.

Fretwork is a thirteen year old mare by Tracery from Flori, and the dam of winners in Day Work and Bulwark. Peppermint, also thirteen years old, is quite one of the most valuable mares at the stud. This daughter of Spearmint and Don's Birthday, by Donovan, has bred Joliment and Mint Master among others. This year's Manchester Cup was won



ROSALIA WITH A COLT FOAL BY HOT NIGHT.



PEPPERMINT AND FILLY FOAL BY PAPYRUS.

The foal is half-sister to the Manchester Cup winner, Mint Master.

bought for her present owner for 7,500 guineas. She had been a winner, among other races, of the Cambridgeshire, and actually she was carrying at that time the foal who became known as Gay Day and flattered to deceive rather seriously when his time came to race.

Silver Tag, a daughter of Sundridge and Silver Fowl, the mare that founded Sir Edward Hulton's stud, has had eight foals up to the present time. Shrove was useful, and I believe the late Lord Dewar and Fred Darling thought a great deal of her son Salvo, for whom they paid 2,000 at auction, but he could not be trained. Silver is I have mentioned as having a home at the Eve Stud and Gay Day has been referred to none too flatteringly. Two years ago she slipped her foal by Pharos since when she has been barren, first to Gay Crusader and then to Hot Night. She was mated with Hot Night again this year.

Dew of June was bought for the Eve Stud on being cast by the late Lord Dewar. I believe the latter and



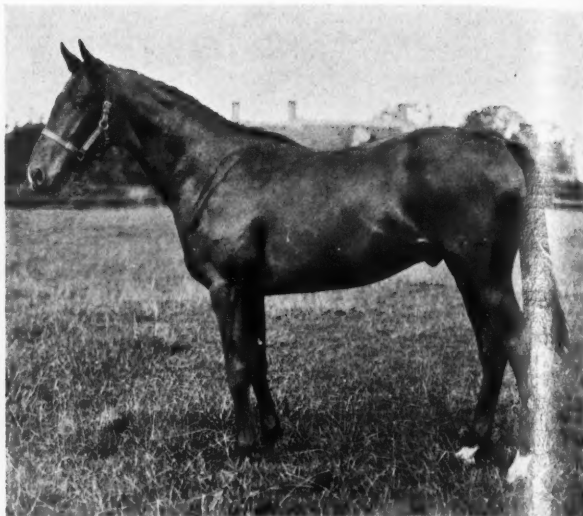
Frank Griggs.

SWEET CORN, AN AMERICAN MARE, WITH FOAL BY DARK LEGEND.

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CALL GIRL, YEARLING FILLY BY HURRY ON—COMEDIENNE.



BURNT MINT, YEARLING COLT BY BRULEUR—PEPPERMINT.

for Sir Victor Sassoon by Mint Master. This is a case of a mare doing well at the stud though she never raced. Perhaps that is why her early matings were with little known, or, shall I say, inexpensive sires.

Lastly I come to by far the most interesting of all the matrons at this moment, since it happens that Messaline has at foot the only foal in Europe by the great American horse, Man O'War. She is also regarded as being in foal to that horse again. The mare, of course, had to be sent across the Atlantic for the mating, an enterprise which surely ought to have a very special reward. In any case it will be most interesting to watch the result of the experiment, for should it turn out that the filly foal is a big success then it will encourage others of our leading breeders to embark on similar ambitious enterprises.

I should like to tell how Sir Victor came to take a subscription to what has always been described to me as the greatest racehorse they have ever had in the United States. He did so, in face of Man O'War not being eligible for our Stud Book, and it follows, of course, that any progeny sired by him must be barred in this country, too. The subscription cost him 5,000 dollars, equivalent to £1,000 in this country. The mare selected for the mating was one named Dilly Dally, for whom a big sum had been paid. Most regrettable, she died when in foal to Man O'War, and it says much for the keenness and perseverance of Sir Victor, that he at once secured another nomination, and took steps to send over another mare. The one chosen was Messaline, now only seven years old, by Caligula from Monisima, by

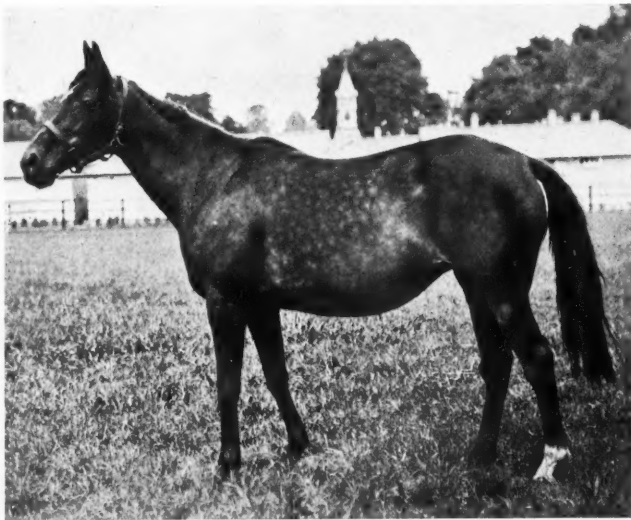
Gallinule out of Mesange, by Persimmon. Altogether she was kept in America for eighteen months during which the filly you see with her in the illustration was foaled. After being mated with the horse again she was repatriated, arriving back here early in July. Sir Victor Sassoon has, therefore, up to the present, paid £3,000 in fees for one foal, and, it is hoped, a second one next year.

Another experiment the owner of the Eve Stud has made is to purchase two American-bred mares, both by the sire Friar Rock. One is named Sweet Corn and the other Little Cyn. The primary objective was to mate them with Dark Legend. Little Cyn in particular was a good winner. Both have had foals this year by Dark Legend, so that the first objective may be said to have been achieved. The breeder, obviously, believes he is following enlightened lines, and he apparently does not mind that the progeny in both cases will not be accepted for our stud book. Friar Rock, I may mention, is by our

Derby winner, Rock Sand, from Fairy Gold.

One outstanding impression remains: Sir Victor Sassoon is not content to proceed on stereotyped lines. He is anxious to use the best that other countries, notably France and the United States, may possess in addition to availing himself of the highest class sires in this country. He deserves well of fortune. Mr. J. Sawford, of the British Bloodstock Agency, acts for him, I believe, in an advisory capacity, while the local manager of the Stud is Captain Taylor.

SIDNEY GALTREY.



COMEDIENNE, A FAMOUS MARE, DAM OF THE 1927 DERBY WINNER CALL BOY AND THE YEARLING FILLY CALL GIRL.



Frank Griggs.

(Left) YEARLING COLT BY PRESTISSIMO—ABDUCTION. (Right) YEARLING COLT BY PRESTISSIMO—SUPERLATIVE.

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# The TOTE and the AUTUMN HANDICAPS

SMART TWO YEAR OLD FILLIES OF THE SEASON.

FROM time to time I have offered some friendly criticism of the Totalisator as now established on our racecourses and sought to show that the best use has scarcely been made of the powers conferred by Act of Parliament on the Racecourse Betting Board of Control. Let me, therefore, hasten to give them an equally friendly pat for showing some enterprise in seeking to bring the advantages of Totalisator betting before the race-going public.

At the Folkestone Meeting last week loud speakers were operated from the top of the central indicator building, the subject matter being advice to bet with the Tote and also conveying some indication of the way the betting was going. The announcement has also been made of the intention to conduct a double event pool in connection with those two most attractive mediums for general betting, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

As usual, the more enterprising of the starting price book-makers sought to counter the move, as, indeed, they have countered each and every move up to the present by merely agreeing to confer full Totalisator benefits without imposing any charges. They said they would give full Totalisator odds in respect of any backers finding the two winners, but I have not noticed any offer to go to the extent of the Tote authorities when they provide that "should there be no bet on any winning combination, the pool (less the percentage deduction) will be divided equally among the combinations which backed either of the winning horses." To my mind that is a most attractive proposition, and I cannot doubt that it will meet with very considerable support and pave the way to future double event pools, say, on the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National.

As is generally known, the Tote working on the racecourse deducts 6 per cent. from all pools. Many believe this to be too small a rate and that it will have to be increased eventually. On these double events the deduction is to be 10 per cent. I am glad to hear the Board are showing some spirit of co-operation with a responsible outside body. The Guardian Pari-Mutuel, Limited, of New Bridge Street, E.C.4, have been accepted as agents who will place all monies they receive (on credit, of course) in respect of the double direct with the racecourse Tote without making any deduction beyond that which will be imposed by the authorities, namely, the 10 per cent. referred to. There are so many people who do not visit racecourses but who would like to participate in the pool that I do not hesitate to inform them of the facilities which are being offered by the G.P.M. in co-operation with the Board.

I wish I could tell you what to nominate supposing it to be your intention to have a "flutter." Mr. T. F. Dawkins has weighted well over a hundred horses in either of the big handicaps. The effect is to leave us slightly bewildered. Where my own effort is concerned—it will not be made yet awhile—I shall endeavour to select an absolutely proved stayer for the Cesarewitch, not one which would be a good thing if it can stay the two miles and a quarter, and a good class three year old for the Cambridgeshire.

I think, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of "The Weights" is the awe in which the handicapper has held the French horses as a whole. No one can be surprised that he found occasion to place Palais Royal II at the head of each handicap—9st. 4lb. in the Cesarewitch and 9st. 1lb. in the Cambridgeshire. Only a fortnight ago this horse added the Grand Internationale at Ostend to his many notable successes. We do not forget that only Fairway proved better for the St. Leger two years ago and that later in the same year he won the Cambridgeshire. But it was surely displaying something akin to panic to give the French three year old Xandover 8st. 13lb., or only 2lb. less than Palais Royal II, who is a two years older horse and is made to appear much the inferior on a weight-for-age calculation. At weight-for-age Palais Royal II would have to give 9lb.

The highest weighted of our own three year olds is Diolite with 8st. 6lb. Here, then, we have our classic form estimated at 7lb. less than the French form of Xandover. The latter was given a terrible burden for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood and was promptly withdrawn. I do not expect to find him among the acceptors for the race for the Cambridgeshire, or, if he should be, I am certain he will not be taken seriously. Allowing for the sex allowance, Fair Isle is really reckoned the best of our three year olds in the entry. She is set to receive 1lb. from Diolite and 8lb. from Xandover.

A high opinion is entertained of Mr. J. A. Dewar's The Recorder, whom some good judges think may be the best three year old in the country. His weight is 8st. 5lb. I am quite sure there is no better-looking three year old, and I am watching his career with the greatest interest. He is one of those horses owned by the late Lord Dewar that were bereft of engagements through their nominations becoming void under the old rule.

Now, what are the out-and-out proved stayers in the Cesarewitch? I should not put Palais Royal II in such a group. At the head of it would be Brown Jack with his 9st. 1lb. I would also place in it Old Orkney and those three past winners of the Cesarewitch—West Wicklow (8st.), Arctic Star (8st. 7lb.) and Eagle's Pride (7st.). None of the three will appeal to those who

believe it is impossible for any horse to win the Cesarewitch more than once. In spite of that, West Wicklow is likely to have many friends, though Lord Derby's jockey, Weston, who is quite good on most horses, does not seem to ride West Wicklow in the way best suited to the horse.

Beyond noting that Friendship, who was second last year, has been given 7lb. extra, though he has never won a race and is now five years old, I shall not attempt to-day to deal at all seriously with the race. The big task may be slightly simplified a week hence, when many ought to have dropped out at the first acceptance stage. However, I am looking forward next week to discussing events at Doncaster, which will necessarily be of more immediate importance than these handicaps. They are not due to be decided until October 15th and 29th respectively.

Racing last week-end at Manchester reminded us that we have some unusually smart two year old fillies in training this year. The trouble with fillies, even more than with colts, is that they do not train on as three year olds, though Fair Isle, as she won the One Thousand Guineas, may be cited as a recent exception. The two notabilities at Manchester were Lindos Ojos and Lady Marjorie. The one won the Manchester Breeders' Autumn Foal Stakes and the other the Palatine Nursery. The former race had conditions which permitted of breeding allowance being claimed. Such allowances are to disappear, and in future the winner of five previous races will not be able practically to nullify the usual penalty by reason of a right to a big breeding allowance, in this case one of 10lb.

I am sure Lindos Ojos would have dispensed with it and still have won. As it was, she won in delightfully smooth fashion by three lengths from Lady Violet Henderson's Straverna. Lindos Ojos, as I have explained on a previous occasion, is by the Argentine-bred horse, Buen Ojo, who was at the stud here at a merely nominal fee when mated with the dam of Lindos Ojos. Buen Ojo was by Chili II or Craganour, that ill-fated horse of whose tragic Derby experience I wrote a little while ago.

On the whole, I favour Lady Marjorie as the more likely to train on. She is not only rather a fine individual, but I like her breeding irrespective of the fact that she cost Mr. Martin Benson 4,200 guineas as a yearling. Her sire, Sansovino, won the Derby for Lord Derby in 1924, and her dam, Florena, is a mare by Orby, her dam being by Persimmon. The Orby blood on the dam's side may not suggest stamina, but possibly it is corrected by the influence on the other side of Persimmon. Lady Marjorie now secured her third successive race when taking the Palatine Nursery. I am sure the handicapper had underrated her, but the jockey, Gordon Richards, did not expose the blemish too much. Unlike tactics this jockey was showing at York, he won here with a lot in reserve.

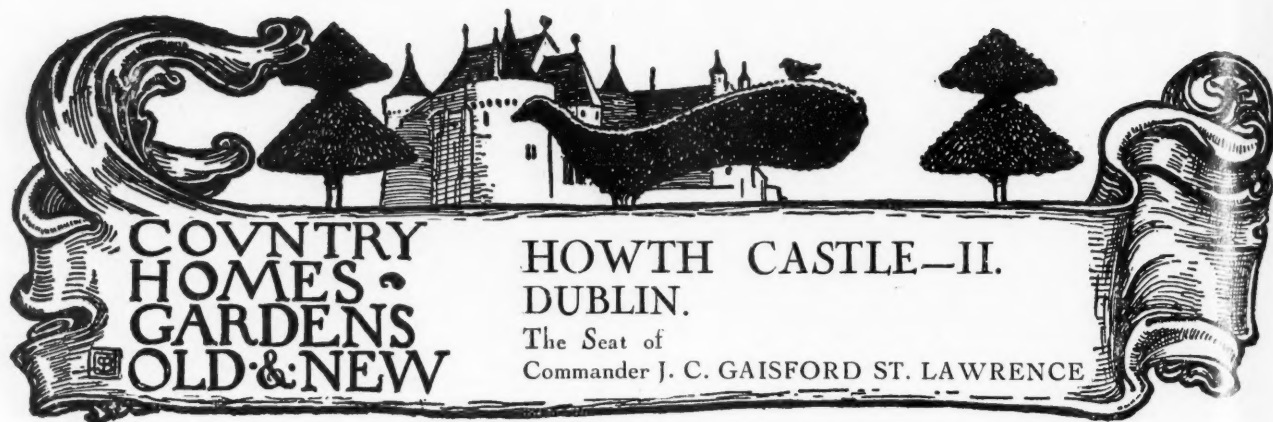
It is born in the Darling brothers, Fred and Sam, to be most efficient trainers, as their father of Beckhampton was before them. The observation is prompted by the fact of Sam having sent out the winner of the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester. He has been a long time quiescent this season since Leonidas II won the Lincolnshire Handicap, but I know no other trainer more gifted with the virtue of patience. It has had its own reward in this instance. The mare Oletta is by Odol, and is owned by Mr. A. K. Macomber.

Twice before she had been out this season without giving any encouragement that she was going to register this not unimportant win. However, ridden by Gordon Richards she was fancied in the belief that she had picked up the form which caused her to be sent from France for exploitation over here. Thus her win did not come as any surprise to those who noted the market support for her. She won from Boss of the Show and Joyous Greeting, two that had recent successes to their names. She was weighted in the Cesarewitch at 7st. 8lb. The impost has now been raised by the penalty to 8st. 4lb.

For the first time in its history the Birmingham executive staged a three-day fixture last week. It came about through the Jockey Club enforcing an exchange with Derby by which the latter got the August Bank Holiday meeting previously associated with Birmingham. I congratulate the latter executive on the sustained excellence of this three-day fixture. For once in a way, ever since, in fact, the stable got off the mark with such a dash at Ascot, Beckhampton had to put up with a number of reverses. Their hot favourite, Grace Dalrymple, formerly owned by Lord Dewar and which, had he lived, would have been much fancied for the classics for fillies, was badly beaten by the Birmingham Plate; and Lord Lonsdale's Green Cormorant, with odds betted on (Lord Lonsdale never wagers a shilling), had to put up with second place in a nursery handicap.

The big stable's only winner was Pasca, who had won at Goodwood for her breeder and owner, Mr. Harry Morriss. Pasca is a daughter of fairly young parents in the 1925 Derby winner, Manna, and Soubriquet, for whom he gave a five-figure sum at the Hulton dispersal sale a few years ago. Pasca now only won a paltry stake of £166, but it was the effortless manner of her win that created such a big impression. She is still another of the very smart two year old fillies of this season of which mention has been made.

PHILIPPOS.



*In 1738 the castle was greatly altered by William, Lord Howth, a friend of Swift.  
In 1910 Sir E. Lutyens carried out further modernisations.*

FROM the terrace overlooking the forecourt and mediæval gate-tower, an imposing Doric portal gives at first-floor level into the "Great Hall," as the Georgian inventories of the castle still called this apartment contrived in what was, no doubt, the Great Hall of the mediæval castle. The hall was given a Gothic cornice when additions were made to the building in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, but the door-cases are of the Georgian reconstruction,

and the original fireplace of the mediæval hall was revealed at the time of Sir E. Lutyens' alterations—its presence at this level confirming that the original hall was raised on an undercroft and accounting for the loftiness of the terrace before the front door.

The earliest of the inventories of the castle was made in 1748 after the death of William, Lord Howth, the builder, and friend of Swift. It describes the hall furnished with a dozen and a half oak chairs, a square deal breakfast table, fifty muskets and sundry stags' horns, besides the two Irish elk heads which remain, and the "great sword of Howth"—the double-handed weapon that has hung through the centuries in this hall. Over the fireplace is a wind-dial with decoration by Mr. Macdonald Gill, showing a map of the peninsula and a fleet of ships each bearing the name of one of Commander Gaisford St. Lawrence's children. Owing to the absence of the second son at sea, he was left out at first, till the "Stephen" was painted in the van nearest to Howth Rock. Many and many a time have St. Lawrences thus sailed out of Howth during the eight centuries that it has been their home.

Up the steps to the left of the hall was the dining parlour, now the billiard room, with "a black and white Italian marble sideboard" and a cistern to match beneath it. A few Hogarth prints hung on the walls. To the right of the hall is the present dining-room (Fig. 7), described in the 1748 inventory as "new," and with a picture of the Siege of Buda over the chimney-piece. Adjoining it were Lord and Lady Howth's bed and dressing rooms. By 1751, however, the "new dining room" had been subdivided to provide increased accommodation for the latter—the Siege of Buda picture figuring in "my lady's bedchamber over the chimney piece where it remains." The room also contained six flower pictures, and prints of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" hung on the wall. The furniture was mahogany, in bed and dressing chamber alike, the latter containing a "bureau and book case with Looking Glass doors, a walnut elbow chair covered with cross stitch, 64 small pictures in black and gilt frames, small



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1.—THE ENTRANCE FROM THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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2.—THE HALL FIREPLACE.

*A wind dial is set in a map of Howth Harbour.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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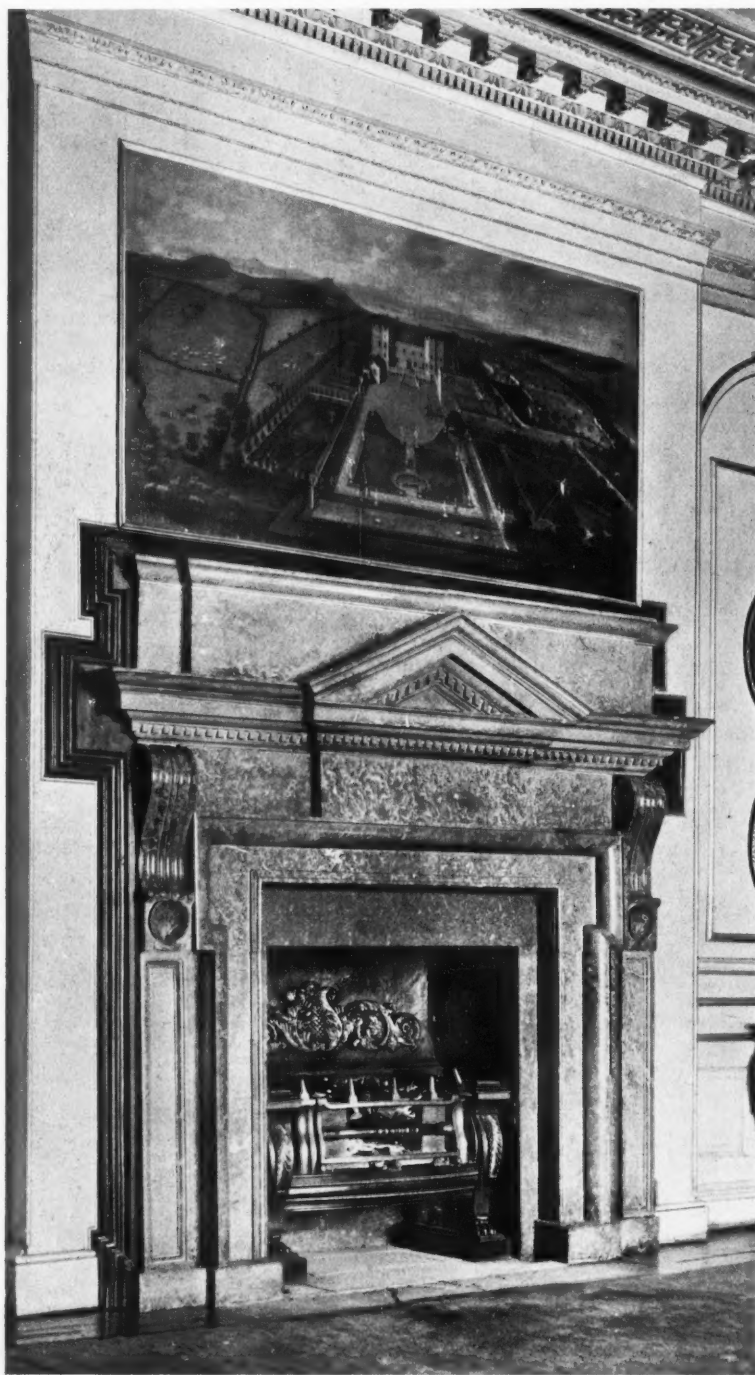
3.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. "COUNTRY LIFE."



5.—THE OLD GARDENS ABOVE THE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEY-PIECE.

alibaster figures, and 2 Delf flower pots." My lord's dressing-room was a private armoury, with various cases of pistols and varieties of hunting knife. The four walnut chairs had chintz covers, and there were a "walnut escrutore" and a pair of "Bagamun tables."

The partitions were removed and the dining-room was given its present appearance in 1910, its panelling stippled white over grey green. It has a recess on one side formed in the tower that bounds the north side of the entrance front, and the five windows of the room each give a different view. In 1748 it does not seem to have been used regularly for meals, as there were only six "black Spanish leather chairs on walnut frames." As there was already the dining-parlour, and the present drawing-room was also used on occasion as a dining-room, it can be understood that, even in eighteenth century Ireland, all these dining-rooms were not in constant use.

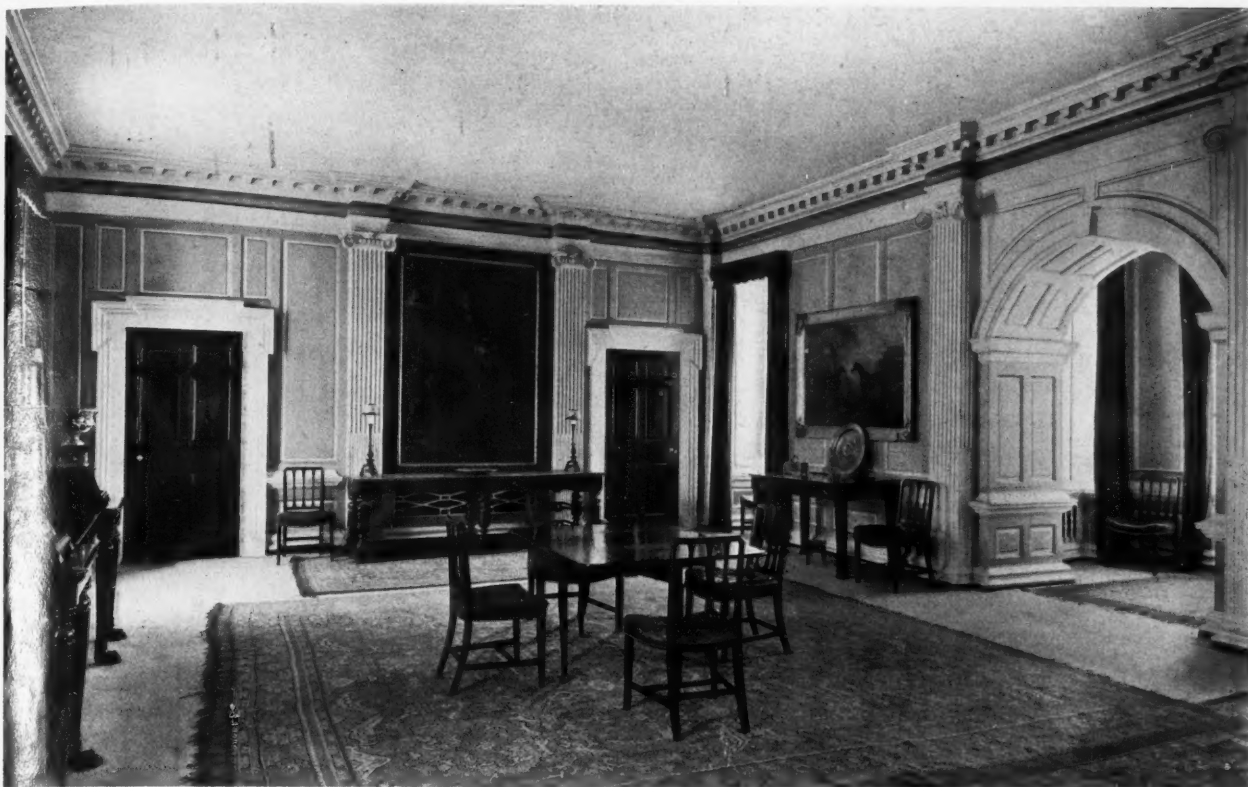
The "Whole length picture of Dean Swift," by Francis Bindon, now in the dining-room, hung originally in "the great dining-room," now the drawing-room (Fig. 3). Hibernia is seen crowning the dean, who holds a copy of "The Drapier's Letter." Behind him Wood lies grovelling on the ground grasping a paper packet labelled "Wood's Patent," out of which pours



6.—THE LIBRARY FIREPLACE.

a quantity of debased coinage. This symbolism adds historical interest to the portrait which is the only one for which the authenticity has documentary proof. In a letter of 1735 Lord Howth thanks the dean for sitting, and gives particular instructions for the delivery of the portrait, "for fear I should get a copy instead of the original." The earliest visit to Howth Castle recorded by Swift was in November, 1731, but his subsequent visits were frequent, prompted by affection not so much for the capable, sport-loving and deep-drinking Lord Howth, as for his lady—"his blue-eyed nymph," as the dean would call her. An extraordinary story is preserved about this lady's mother, Mrs. Gorges, formerly the wife of Sir Tristram Beresford. It is said that in her youth she had discussed with the last Earl of Tyrone the truths of Christianity, among them that of life after death, and sworn an oath with him that whoever died first should appear to the survivor. He died soon after and duly returned to confirm to her the truths of the hereafter, at the same time predicting events in her own life, including the date of her death. She was at first sceptical of his actual presence, till, to convince her, the shade of Tyrone touched her wrist, leaving there a mark which ever after she hid beneath a





Copyright.

7.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

black ribbon. In her portrait at Howth there is no ribbon to be seen—for it was accidentally removed during the cleaning of the picture, so they say.

Another story of Howth at this time is connected with the dining-parlour, where one of Lord Howth's brothers was killed by Hamilton Gorges, his brother-in-law, in a quarrel arising

over the death in a carriage accident of a Miss Beresford, his cousin. Killed he certainly was, and so was she, but the faint echoes of the tragedy are lost in the shrill murmur that still sounds down the years from Ireland of the eighteenth century—so gay, so civilised, so free. An ideal epoch, that, to have been born into, when life seems to have been a wild succession



Copyright.

8.—THE MODERN LIBRARY.

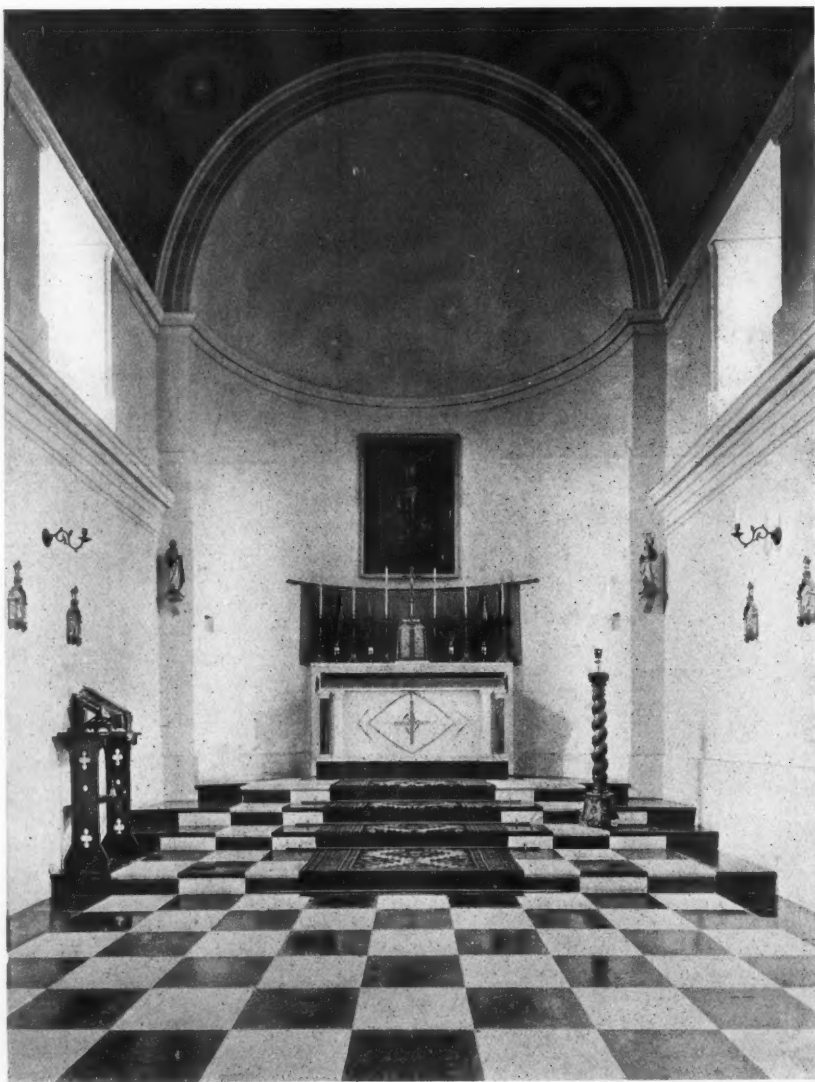
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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9.—THE GREEN BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

10.—CHAPEL DESIGNED BY SIR E. LUTYENS. "COUNTRY LIFE"

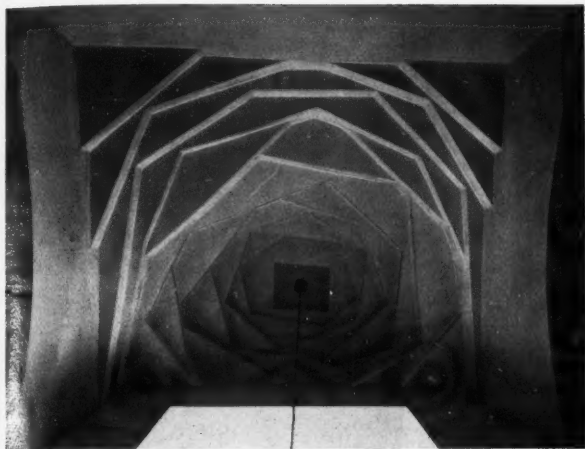
of emotions and festivities and house-parties, ingenuous and irresponsible.

Over the drawing-room chimney-piece of local marble (Fig. 5) is set "a Prospect of the House of Howth," showing the lay-out of the grounds made by William, Lord Howth, in about 1740. The visits of Swift are commemorated by his presence in the garden, sitting on a seat in the bottom left-hand corner of the picture. In the right-hand corner can be seen the intersecting beech hedges, now 20ft., but then barely 6ft. high. The old yew tree which still stands outside the gate-house, and with which many family traditions are connected, is also a prominent feature.

The drawing-room—in the inventories called "The Great Dining Room"—has a heavily moulded ceiling, probably copied from Kent's *Works of Inigo Jones*. The walls are divided into panels by arched mouldings, the whole painted a creamy parchment colour picked out in gold. The inventories show that, in spite of its name, there was no dining-table in this room, and that, in fact, it was generally used as a drawing-room. The marine over-door pictures by Richard Carver are mentioned, also "2 Cult tables," which are still in the room, though the mirrors between the windows can scarcely be the "pier glasses" inventoried. There are still "3 Indian Cabinets," on which perhaps stood some of the "95 Pices of ornamental cheney"—the rest no doubt set on the "39 Brackets." The lighting was apparently restricted to a number of wall sconces. The last, and perhaps most intriguing, item inventoried in the room is "the Grotto." I dare not imagine what or where this rockwork glory was.

The drawing-room is in the long domestic wing that runs back at right angles from the hall. Adjoining it is the staircase





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11 AND 12.—MEDIÆVAL CORBEL ROOFING IN TURRETS OF THE KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

(Fig. 4), and beyond it a late eighteenth century boudoir and the library contained in the tower added by Sir E. Lutyens (Fig. 8), with elm-boarded ceiling and oak panelling. The charmingly maladroit chimneypiece (Fig. 6) was brought from the family house at Killester. Its richness, its vigour and its uncontrolled fancy are typical of Irish society in the Georgian epoch.

The inventories describe a number of pleasant bedrooms mostly named after the colour of their bed—such as the "blew paragon four post bed" or the "crimson mohair bed." The chairs, were in some cases, covered with chintz, or "check linen"—a pleasant material that figured in more than one of the "conversation pieces" recently exhibited in London. Striped holland, calico and paragon were the predominant materials for curtains and covers.

In the mediæval keep there are several closets accommodated in such angle turrets as do not contain a newel stair. The ceilings of these are formed in a very interesting and primitive way—by over-corbeling. Most vaulting derives from some such makeshift as this, which itself most likely derives from a native Irish or Norse fashion of roofing over stone huts.

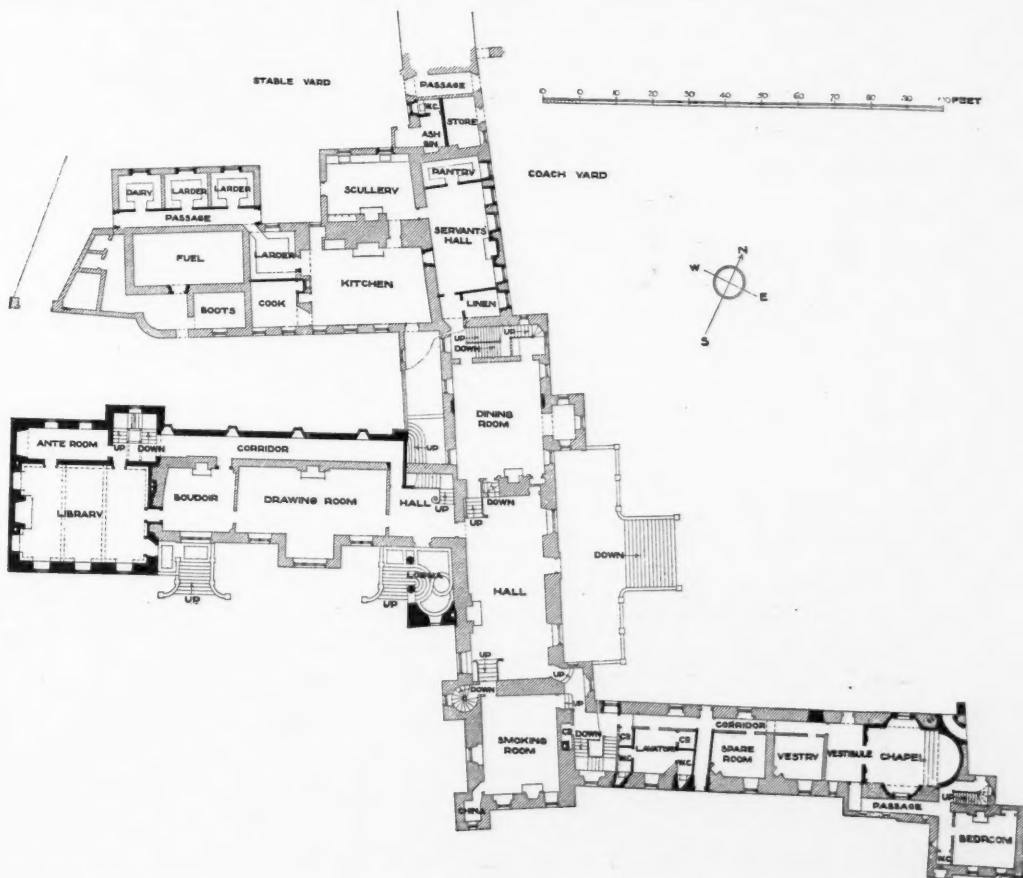
The Tower bedroom illustrated in Fig. 9 is above the dining-room, and repeats the mural treatment of the drawing-room. On the walls, which retain their original apple-green paint, hang, in japanned frames, a most interesting set of Samuel Dixon's "Basso relievo pictures" of birds. Dixon, who worked in Dublin during the middle of the century, kept a "picture warehouse" in Chapel Street, and dedicated each of his reliefs to a prominent lady. The Countess of Antrim, the Countess of Castlecomer, and so on, receive a flowery tribute on the back of each picture. His process was to emboss the prominent features of his printed design on to a stout paper, so that they projected in relief. They were then coloured, and extremely decorative their effect is.

The chapel (Fig. 10) is from Sir E. Lutyens' design, and is contrived in the end of the "Long Leg Wing" which projects forward from the old keep,

forming one side of the quadrangle. The treatment is exceedingly simple: white walls defined by plain but decided mouldings, with windows high up giving cross-lighting. The barrel vault is painted a grey green which, with the black and white of the floor, produces a cool, not to say austere, atmosphere, emphasised by the plainness of the apse and subsidiary mouldings. As a setting for devotions it seems to me admirable.

In 1767, Thomas, fourteenth Lord Howth, was given an earldom, a title which, together with the barony handed down from father to son since the fifteenth century, lapsed on the death of the fourth earl in 1909. The Earls of Howth had been among the foremost Irish sportsmen of the nineteenth century, both on the Turf and in the hunting field, a pre-eminence to which numerous cups and pictures still testify. His successor at Howth was his nephew, Commander J. C. Gaisford of Offington, Sussex, the son of his eldest sister, who assumed by Royal licence the arms and name of St. Lawrence.

Dr. Strzygowski, indeed, would trace an interesting ancestry for this method of vaulting. True it is that, in wood, it is indigenous to the Ukraine, Kashmir and India, and that its translation into stone produced the earliest domes in Armenia, during the first centuries of our era. Possibly it was brought by the Norse, whose timber buildings may have been covered, in some instances, with such layers of wooden corbels, and have persisted among Irish stonemasons. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



Copyright

13.—PLAN.

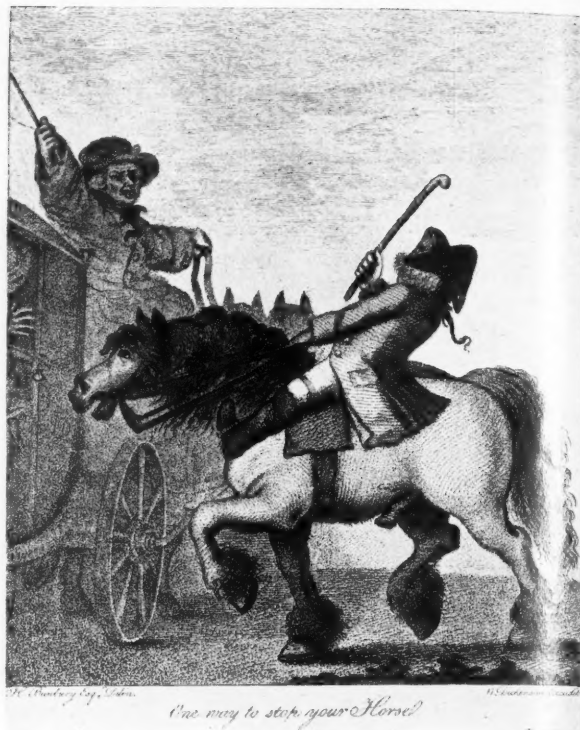
"COUNTRY LIFE."

## GEOFFREY GAMBADO: OTHER REVIEWS

An Academy for Grown Horsemen, by Geoffrey Gambado.  
(William Edwin Rudge, New York, \$15.)

OF those who are already familiar with the name of this book, certainly three-quarters must rely for their knowledge on the allusions to it in the first "Sporting Lector." During that famous discourse Mr. Jorrocks quoted freely from Gambado, and, although quick witted enough himself, he could comment upon a ludicrous situation with such seriousness that he forms the best possible mouthpiece for the fantastic doctrines of this extraordinary individual. Merely from this casual acquaintance one would imagine that Jorrocks was referring to some humorist of passing notoriety, of whom this *Academy for Grown Horsemen* was an incidental sketch. It would hardly occur to anyone to search for the book in question. Yet Jorrocks actually supplies us (if the necessary allowances are made for his aspirates) with its correct description—*An Academy for Grown Horsemen*, by Geoffrey Gambado, Esq., Riding Master, Master of the Horse and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice. It is, in fact, a genuine book. Copies of the first edition, dated 1787, are, of course, very rare, but it has been reprinted several times, and anyone desiring to read Gambado's work in full could always have been satisfied. But in future, thanks to the energy of some discerning publishers in America, there will be no excuse for any sportsman who is not as familiar with his Gambado as with his Surtees, for a facsimile has been made of a copy of the first edition complete in every detail down to the scratches on the would-be leather cover. So now not only may we learn in what form Gambado launched his theories into an astonished world, but our appreciation of them may be heightened by a faithful reproduction of the original illustrations.

If any turn to this volume expecting to read of the Rev. Mr. Nutmeg and his "noble leaper," who receive between them considerable attention from Mr. Jorrocks, they will be disappointed. The interesting correspondence between Nutmeg and Gambado is contained in "Annals of Horsemanship" (1791), a sequel to the *Academy*, which has been bound up with it in the more modern editions. But the *Academy* alone is sufficiently entertaining—indeed, the mere story of its production is as weird as the advice which it contains. The "Editor" describes in his preface how Gambado, on leaving England to take up his appointment with the Doge of Venice (forgetting, like the Duke of Plaza Toro, that "owing, presumably, to an unusually wet season, the streets were in such a condition that equestrian exercise was impossible"), took with him "two saddles, as many bridles, six pair of spatterdashies with spurs affixed, a large roll of diaculum plaister, two pair of patent stirrups, with his MSS. works (and providentially a few drawings from which the plates in this little volume are engraved)." But the vessel foundered in the "Gulph of Venice," and the MSS. sheets were thrown, or rather taken, overboard



ONE WAY TO STOP YOUR HORSE.

by their author just before he met his end—a very singular end. For it appears that "the vessel being expected to go to pieces every instant, he drank a quart of hot punch, and came coolly on the deck; and having first called up all the fortitude he was able, he next called up his servant with all the saddles and bridles that could be got; and having mounted himself on the largest, and taking a bridle in one hand, and a paper case in the other, desired to be thrown into the sea. This was complied with, but the informant adds, that the boatswain being somewhat desirous to save himself likewise, hastily jumped up beside the unfortunate Gambado, and he apprehends that the saddle, though new and large, was not master of his additional weight, for it dropt with such precipitancy as to throw our Author out of his seat, and his foot catching and hanging in the stirrup, soon put an end to his mortal career."

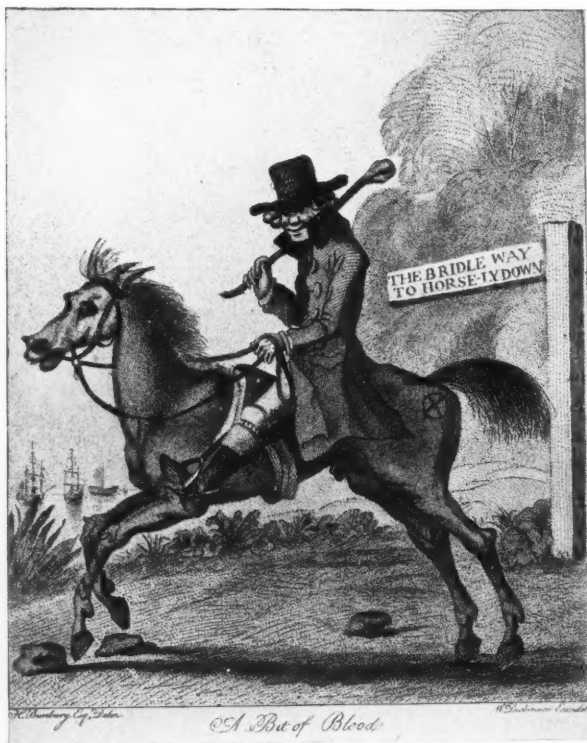
The fact that a single saddle, whatever its buoyancy, was incapable of supporting both Gambado and the boatswain is not surprising when one studies his portrait. Small wonder that he recommends the dray horse as a "noble hunter" and disparages the qualities of bloodstock. He evidently spent more time under the table than in the saddle. But whatever the shortcomings of Gambado, there can be no question of the soundness of Bunbury's views on horsemanship—for I have concealed until now the fact that the "Editor" was really Sir Henry Bunbury, the friend of Walpole and the owner of Diomed, the first Derby winner—after they have been divested of their sarcasm. His art is almost entirely dependent on absurd contrasts and distortions, and the illustrations, with one charming exception, interpret the spirit of the letterpress with wonderful vigour, and if their humour never rises to the level of pure wit, they are as clever in design as the arguments which they accompany. It would certainly add to the interest of those comprehensive but uninspiring volumes known as "Cavalry Training" if similar reasons were given for all the principles laid down. At the editor of the *Academy* enquires, in the dedication of his "accepted foundling" to Viscount Townsend, commanding the Queen's Regiment of Dragoon Guards, "What might not be expected from the British Cavalry thus improved?" M. F.

Mario and the Magician, by Thomas Mann. (Secker, 5s.)

THIS small book is uniform in appearance with the author's lovely little story "Early Sorrow," and it is, from another point of view, well deserving of an honoured place on the bookshelves. It is, from the father's point of view, the history of a short holiday spent by a German family, parents and two small children, at a little seaside resort on the Mediterranean. It begins with a disarming simplicity describing an atmosphere of discomfort which, somehow, militated against the enjoyment of bright sea and sands, and so leads us on to the night when the little ones, as the greatest treat, are taken to the conjuring entertainments of the travelling illusionist, Cavaliere Cipolla. The end of the little story is tragedy, and Herr Mann has led up to it in a manner which gives it a peculiar honour all its own. No one who reads this small book is likely to forget the impression it makes. Again we must express our admiration of the common sense of publishers who do not insist that a gem must be of a certain pre-determined size before they will give it a setting.

On the Trail, by Frank Harris. (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

ONE'S first feeling, on learning that a distinguished author was once a cowboy, is that the experience was probably a very brief and superficial



A BIT OF BLOOD.



one, and that the narrator will need all his distinguished authorship to help him in inflating it to the size of a novel. But this, in the case of Mr. Frank Harris, is by no means so. He was no elegant amateur at the job; he saw it through, in all its rough and elemental glory; and we should not be surprised if his youthful experiences left him with enough material to fill a second volume. In any case, this first one is full of movement, character, flavour—and, incidentally, it offers proof of the theory that outstanding success of any sort in life is largely a matter of superabundant vitality. It was this vitality that hurled the youthful Harris from Ireland to America in the early 'seventies, made him "practically" the manager of a hotel there before he was seventeen, and gave him the buoyancy that carried him through his experiences of adventure and danger. It is interesting to note, too, throughout the book, evidences of the effect of all this raw experience on character—the innate sensitiveness of the artist being overlaid occasionally by a sort of rougher stratum in which (for instance) the sufferings of cattle are treated as unimaginatively as a born cowboy might treat them. The book is a breath of life blowing strongly and freshly from the past, reconstituting with the simplicity and vigour of good writing a vanished day.

V. H. F.

**The Countryman's Day Book**, arranged by Colonel C. N. French. (Dent, 5s.)

AMONG the bedside books this compilation with its particular leaning to country sights and sounds with their suggestion of peace and refreshment deserves a high place. The quotations are out of the common, many of them charmingly archaic and others full of delightful, if doubtful, country wisdom, such as this advice from *Maison Rustique*: "The lightnings and thundring will do no harm, if there be buried in the midst of the garden a kinde of toad called a hedge toade, closed up in a pot of earth." It is difficult to imagine a more delightful companion than this book for the country house or week-end cottage—or even to remind one, wistfully, of country joys in town, and its very original cover woven in green and gold tapestry adds to its charm.

#### A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THE LETTERS OF MAARTEN MAARTENS, edited by his daughter (Constable, 22s. 6d.); AS WE WERE, by E. F. Benson (Longmans, 18s.); PLANT HUNTING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, by F. Kingdon Ward (Gollancz, 21s.). FICTION.—THE JESTING ARMY, by Ernest Raymond (Cassell, 7s. 6d.); REVELATION, by André Birabeau, translated by Una, Lady Troubridge (Gollancz, 6s.).

## OLD PAWKY

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAVE been spending a romantic week-end redolent of ancient golf. The golf itself was of a suitable character—only one round a day, and that a foursome, played, as *The Golfing Manual* would say, with "three other oldsters, the quotidian round enlivened by pleasant conversation." That was agreeable but relatively unimportant. The romance lay in some illustrious old clubs and a collection of old golfing books that were in the house.

One of the clubs was the authentic wooden putter used by Old Willie Park, with which he won the Championship in 1863. He used to call it "Old Pawky," and on a silver band encircling the shaft are inscribed the words of the great man: "It holed mony a guid putt." The shaft is bound in two places as if it had been broken, perhaps when it declined to hole a "guid putt," and there is something a little weak in the neck, but it still feels a beautiful club and sits down so comfortably on the turf as to give a feeling of confidence. There is let into the face a narrow strip of some darker wood; what it is I know not. The other club is older, but did not belong to so great a golfer. It also has a silver band proclaiming: "This Musselburgh sand iron, circa 1796, was the property of Bailie Bourhill." The fame of the Bailie has not reached me, but he must have been a mighty man of valour, for his club is one for a giant. It is enormously heavy, but it has the quality of balance, so that, when one addresses a ball with it, it does not feel so cumbersome as one had at first supposed. I did address a ball with it; nay, more, with a thrilling sensation of sacrilege, I actually struck one. There was a feather ball in the house, and that seemed to make the deed less impious. I took that old feathery out on to the lawn and played first a putt with "Old Pawky" and then a pitch-and-run shot with the sand iron such as I conceived the Bailie might have played up to a plateau at Musselburgh. Then I put both of them reverently away, and it may be that those are the last shots that will ever be played with them, for Mr. H. F. H. Caldwell has generously given them to the Woking Club, and they have now gone to repose there in due state and dignity. Though exiles from their native Scotland, they could hardly have gone to a golf course where the ancient traditions of the game are more highly esteemed.

Next I turned to the books, in some of which the matches of Old Willie Park are recorded. There were many pleasant things in them, though several of them were not new to me, since these old compilers of golfing books had a way of copying from one another. Their advice on playing the game seems to-day rather elementary. Here, for example, is a sentence from *A Few Rambling Remarks on Golf*, published in 1862: "Now it is of the greatest importance to be able to keep the direction of a golfing-course and to avoid driving erratic strokes either to the left or right, as, unless this be observed, the number of strokes taken to each hole is materially increased and the chances of winning matches proportionately diminished." That is what *Punch* would call "a glimpse of the obvious," and yet it is sound advice which many young slashers might well take to heart.

Five years later, in 1867, was published the *Golfers' Year Book*. How slim and slight it seemed compared with its excellent successor of to-day, which simply bulges with information about goodness knows how many clubs and competitions. The number of clubs in 1867 was so small that it was impossible to include in the book not merely the officers and competitions of each club, but the full list of its members. At the end of these lists are "miscellanea," accounts of professional matches, curious incidents and so on. Here is one, presumably meant

to be facetious rather than seriously to propound a legal point: "A member of the Manchester Club, whom Nature has blessed with luxuriant hirsute appendages, in playing a match on Decr 14 1866 struck a ball, when lying against a tuft of grass. The ball rose straight up and without touching his dress or face, lodged firm and fast in his beard. Query—was he bound to play it out or could he drop it or should he lose the hole?"

A page or two farther on came an account of what was apparently one of the first "best ball" matches played at St. Andrews between three celebrated golfers. It is headed "Novel Match," and proceeds: "A match of a somewhat novel character was played in May 1866. Robert Clark, Edinburgh, and Gilbert M. Innes, Edinburgh, opposed Tom Morris. Each played a ball and the two former were allowed at the end of each hole to choose the ball they preferred to count against Tom's. On a first consideration this would appear quite favourable to Morris; but no one has the least conception of the many difficulties and chances against him, unless he were himself taking part in the match. The game was well contested for two rounds. At the end of the first the Amateurs were three ahead; and this would have been entirely wiped off by Tom in the second round but for a piece of bad luck at the close, when his ball touched the hole and rolled round instead of dropping in as anticipated."

In several of the books there were, naturally, allusions to the transition from the feather to the gutty ball, and some of the remarks bear a strong family likeness to those made in 1902, when the Haskell drove out the gutty. Mr. Peter, in his very engaging *Reminiscences of Golf and Golfers*, tells how he bought his first gutty for a shilling, and that was a great economy compared with the half a crown to be paid for the less durable feathery. After some practice with it he took it with him to play at Innerleven against Mr. Wallace, a well known golfer who always beat him. "The upshot of our day's play was, that I beat him by thirteen holes—a thrashing, he said, such as he had never had in his life. However, he, too, soon took to the 'Guttas'; and many a beating he gave me afterwards. Still, I was much more on an equality with him than before." That last sentence is particularly interesting, because it points to an experience repeated in 1902. The rubber core, when it first came out, seemed to put many players nearly on an equality with those who had before been distinctly their superiors, and here is the very same phenomenon some fifty-four years before. The whirligig of time brought round its revenges on the gutty.

Here, from yet another book, *Historical Gossip About Golf and Golfers*, is a description of the feather ball's behaviour in wet weather: "The change can only be fully appreciated by those who have played golf under the old régime of those made of leather stuffed with feathers. Witness the distress of one of these balls on a wet green: it got soaked with water, and every time it was struck with the club off came some of the paint, and ultimately—if it chanced to survive a round under such circumstances—it became so saturated with water that almost no amount of physical strength would make it fly. And then to contemplate it next morning—every seam gaping as if laughing at our folly! But all is changed since the introduction of the gutta with its round well hammered surface."

And now the gutty has gone too, and all is changed again. On the whole, we are, perhaps, lucky to golf in a modern age; and yet I don't know; even if we have gained much, I suspect we have lost a good deal. At any rate, I am glad I played a stroke with Old Pawky.

## THE CAMERA TRIUMPHANT

THE palette, the chisel, the etcher's needle—the camera? Can we put the camera in the same category with the others as an instrument of self-expression? This is the question which for a good many years past we have been asking ourselves every September in that long gallery in Pall Mall where the London Salon of Photography holds its annual exhibitions. Is photography a mere matter of reproduction, as our parents used rather unreflectingly to think? Obviously not; the camera itself does a great deal of the business of selection, and even, I will not say of falsification, but of correction of values, which the landscape painter, to take an instance, must do for himself. The matter of composition is self-evident. At this time of year the newspapers are filled with reproductions of photographs taken by their readers. So far as they are *artistically* successful, on what do they rely for their success? Obviously on their composition, for in such cases there can be little else involved. As a matter of fact, we know that, as a rule, the interest of such pictures is hardly at all artistic. At the best they are "new angle" photographs, interesting because of their oddness, of their unusual point of view, or, perhaps, merely because of the interest of their subject.

Here, then, is this vast subject of composition, just as important and vital to the simplest camera picture as to a canvas which it may take a genius years and years to paint. To that extent the most unsympathetic of sceptics must agree that any photographer who uses his camera to produce a picture is producing—or failing to produce—a work of art. What more is there in the matter? Let us think of the methods by which our painters—and, indeed, sculptors—produce their effects. Such matters as surface, as the use of outline, as the definition of planes, occur to us at once. Are these things, so vital to the artist in paint or marble, equally vital to the photographer of to-day?

To answer this question one must go to the London Salon, and it will be still easier to answer if one has been there often in years gone by. A few years ago you might have gone to the Salon and, out of all the photographs hung, have picked out

a dozen or so which stood head and shoulders above the others. To-day you cannot do so. The level of artistic merit to be found in the Pall Mall gallery to-day is literally astonishing. And it is astonishing not because there is any dull monotony of excellence in a particular line, but because of the enormous variety of effects contemplated by the individual artists and in many cases achieved. Those who remember the difference between Mrs. Campbell's portraits of fifty years ago and the daguerotypes of the period have a good estimate as to the difference between the average work of to-day and that of even ten or twelve years ago. To-day one is completely astonished by the variety of effect. "Straightforward" pictures, relying for their effect entirely on composition, on a true correspondence to the light and shade of nature, are hung side by side with those delicious patterns, without relief or perspective, in which the Japanese delight, and with realisations in black and white of plastic forms whose *chiaroscuro* is so perfect as to convince one that one is looking not at a flat image, but at a solid representation in marble or bronze.

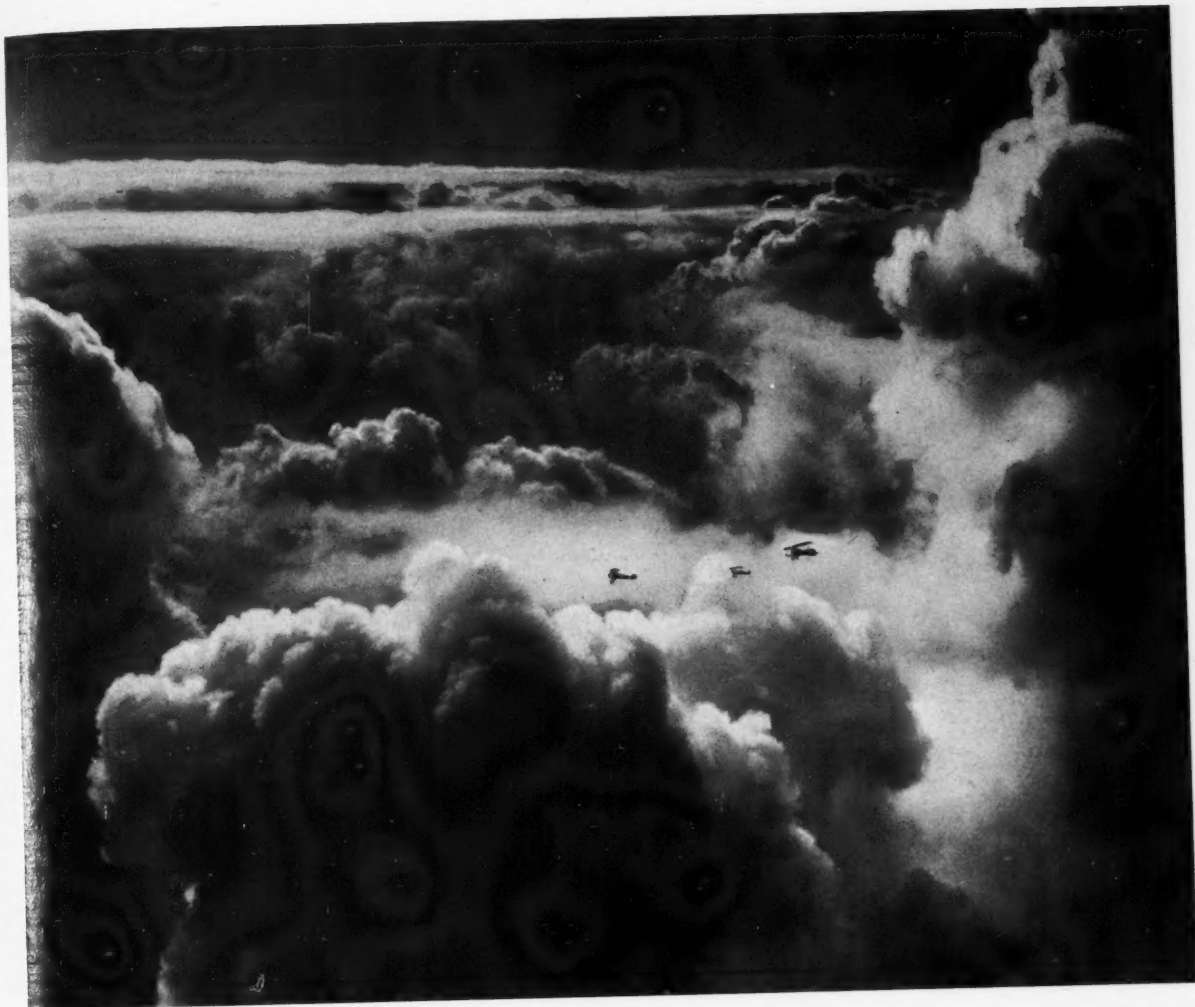
But in saying that the general level of artistic achievement is almost immeasurably greater to-day than it was even a few years ago, it would be absurd to imply that there were no giants in those days. Mr. Mortimer's seascapes, of which the latest appears on the opposite page, have hardly varied in their excellence for how many years past? And the memorial collection of photographs by the late Charles Job, which appears in the Exhibition this year, serves to remind us of the amazing landscapes which he painted with his camera. "The Bridge," of which a reproduction is produced below, is surely a masterpiece of composition and atmosphere. And while we look back at the work of this earlier master we must also look forward at the possibilities which modern scientific development is bringing us. The War introduced us to the aeroplane-carried camera and the landscape effects which it could compass. But surely in their own sphere the cloudscapes of Captain Buckham, in which the artist and the aviator both give of their best, are things as perfect as Mr. Mortimer's delicious pictures of the seas that break in splendour on our shores. R. J.



Charles Job.

THE BRIDGE.





Capt. A. G. Buckham.

THREE MILES ABOVE THE CITY.

Copyright.



F. J. Mortimer.

THE STORM.

Copyright.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE IMPROVEMENT OF GRASSLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the course of your correspondence mention has been made of the Cockle Park experiments, and as I have had the privilege of close observation of these trials for fifteen years, I venture to summarise those results which bear directly on Mr. Miller's original questions. (A) Unquestionably, nitrogenous manures suppress wild white clover, with consequent elimination of grazing values—that is, when used alone. (B) A complete dressing of artificials—i.e., nitrogen, phosphates and potash—appears to retain clovers, provided there is proper grazing of the herbage, ensuring, as your correspondent Mr. H. G. Robinson says, that the old grass is grazed down at least once a year. Close, even grazing is of the utmost importance in maintaining a good sole of wild white clover. (C) From analyses made some years ago it was found that more nitrogen was secured in the soil by the clover root nourished by phosphates and potash, than where the land was treated with an additional annual dressing of sulphate of ammonia. At the same time, it would appear that a dressing of an active nitrogenous fertiliser in the early months of the year may be useful in stimulating the early bite where this is desired, and similarly in mid-season on pastures which have been very closely grazed, where an early recovery is needed. The essential point to bear in mind is the need for keeping up the stock of phosphates in the soil and, in cases, potash, when

in developing clover, and the result was inferior to that obtained with phosphates alone. The writer is not unmindful of the fact that there are certain areas, especially marked in the smoke districts, where lime is the only fertiliser which shows any result on grassland.

All of which shows that it is still necessary for a farmer to experiment for himself with his own particular soil and climatic conditions, and in the light of his own particular circumstances. Official experiments may be a guide to him, but they should not be regarded as affording cut and dried formulae applicable to any circumstances. One dogma may be stated, *viz.*, it is impossible to secure the benefits from proper manurial treatment of inferior pasture grazing unless the farmer is able to provide increased stocking so as to ensure efficient grazing of the herbage, and this applies whether he adopts the older system of phosphates or phosphates and potash once every three years, or the new system of complete intensive manuring at more frequent intervals. —H. C. PAWSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am afraid that your correspondent, Mr. H. A. Dodson, has rather deduced from my letter that I am a wholesale advocate of the intensive treatment of grassland by the use of complete artificials and all that this entails. In reply to Mr. Miller's query, I advocated grazing at the right time simply as being one of the important measures to be

financial returns as a result of liming. There are certain rough and ready guides which help to indicate the conditions under which liming is desirable, such as the existence of a matted turf, which never grazes off so well as is desirable, and the presence of sorrel and beats in the herbage. Since liming can prove a rather expensive item, it is desirable that some idea should be gained as to the relative sourness of the soil. Agricultural chemists have paid much attention to this problem, and they are now in the position of being able to indicate whether a soil is in need of lime or not, together with the probable amount which it is necessary to apply. A farmer can secure this information by applying to the agricultural organisers of his county.—H. G. ROBINSON.

## THOMAS TUSSER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can any of your readers give authoritative information of Thomas Tusser? Any rent signatures, title deeds or bills, etc., anything relating to his early farming life in Suffolk?

This well known sixteenth century farmer-poet is supposed to have begun his farming life at Braham Hall, near Cattawade in Essex. A tablet in the adjoining church of Manningtree states that he did so, and that he then wrote "his celebrated 500 points of good husbandry." But Tusser's first book was 100 points; he did not enlarge to 500 points till some time later. There are also many other points of disagreement between his first text and the position of Braham Hall.

The tablet was put up at the personal expense of his admirers, and probably at their own discretion, and, as it makes the error over his first edition, it may very likely have made another over his first position, especially as the countryside was distorted by the new railway line at that time, and the farms are very misleading. The church records of Tusser date are all torn out and lost, the Record Office has nothing; nor have the histories of the county any definite proofs of his tenancy at any farm. The Pagets, his patrons, have long gone from the district; and Braham Hall itself has just been sold by its recent owners, who are comparative newcomers. It is an interesting problem. No one has any records locally, nor are any to be found at any of the usual sources in London.—D. HARTLEY.

## FERRETS AND WEASELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A day or two ago I found my black cocker bitch having a romp with a weasel in the middle of a large field.

There was no cover for the weasel to bolt to, so it faced the dog and made leaps at its nose, squealing the whole time.

Fearing the bitch might get her nose bitten, I sent my small boy for a gill ferret and threw it down close to the weasel. The weasel immediately jumped on the ferret's back, but did not bite it, and the ferret took no interest in it whatever. I then sent for a hob-ferret, with exactly the same result.

Both ferrets nosed about in the grass and did not even fluff their tails out like they do when facing a rat. Both these ferrets are lightning rat killers.

I suppose the real reason for this behaviour was the fact that ferrets and weasels are really blood relations. I have always been very anxious to know if it is possible to cross a ferret with a stoat, and if the litter resulting from the cross can be handled and worked.—C. R. VERNER.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Mr. Maurice Portal, who writes: "The letter is very interesting indeed, I have never heard of a similar case. I wonder if it was a young one. I am not so very surprised that his ferrets put down in the open did not attack it; they will bolt a weasel or a stoat quickly out of a rabbit bury, but I think this is largely due to the stoat or weasel bolting on its own. I never had a ferret corner, or try to corner, a weasel or stoat in a bury like they do a rat."

"As to crossing, I have none of my note books up with me; my impression is that it has often been known, but rarely in captivity, as the stoat male is hard to catch unhurt and requires a large wired-over place to live in quasi captivity. The case I have in mind was of a female ferret lost for two months when she was coming in season, and when found was in young and produced what looked like half-bred stoats; they were very quick, and bit rather. I think the keeper told me they were rather a bother as they went to kill always."—ED.]



A COCKLE PARK TRIAL.

Turves showing the effect of phosphates: (left) basic slag 10cwt. per acre; (right) untreated.

active nitrogen is being used on pasture. Further, when sulphate of ammonia is the form of nitrogen applied, due regard must be paid to the lime content of the soil. For ordinary pasture management the value of phosphates, with the addition of potash where needed, is in the development and maintenance of a healthy, vigorous clover plant. Wild white clover not only collects nitrogen, which benefits the grasses, but in itself it enhances the feeding value of a pasture, and further, in dry periods, is particularly valuable in retaining moisture and thus freshness in the sward by acting as a surface mulch.

Intensive manuring with nitrogen supplemented by other artificial manures is an entirely different system and its success is largely dependent upon securing close rotational grazing. The trial of this new system at Cockle Park has not yet reached the stage when a comparison can be made between it and the ordinary pasture treatment mentioned earlier. The results so far are promising, but the costs are naturally heavy as compared with the simpler manurial treatment and ordinary management. It is worth noting that the older Cockle Park trials show that, given judicious treatment with phosphates on the boulder clay soil, lime, when added to the phosphates, does not give an economic return, even though, when the land is brought into the condition of improved pasture, it still has a definite lime requirement when subjected to the recognised test. Moreover, when the lime was applied along with mineral phosphates on unimproved pasture, it limited the action of the phosphates

taken in order to prevent the suppression of wild white clover by grasses. I am quite aware of the skill required in managing pastures so that they are grazed at the right time, but, at the same time, I am also personally acquainted with many farmers who are making a big success of their grazing in the direction which I indicated. There is always the possibility of allowing the grass to grow to the immature hay stage and cutting it then, if it is not possible to graze it at the right time. As I pointed out in my letter, I consider the chief value of the use of nitrogen, after a phosphate-potash application, is for the production of early grass in the spring in order to extend the grazing season and thus effect a considerable saving in the use of artificial feeding concentrates. This requires no special skill or care in management, and complete manuring of pastures for this purpose is a practice which is growing widely, especially in the dairy districts.—G. A. COWIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Emphasis has been placed upon the value of liming grassland, especially when it is proposed to employ nitrogenous fertilisers. I think it should be made quite clear that the nitrogenous manures which particularly demand the presence of lime if an adequate response is to be secured are those containing nitrogen in the form of ammonia, as in the case of sulphate of ammonia. It is also desirable to point out that there are cases where a sufficiency of lime exists, and that several grassland manurial experiments have shown no increased



## AN ARCHITECTURAL INNOVATION IN THE TROPICS



THE NEW PORT TRUST BUILDING AT RANGOON.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE

ARCHITECTURE in the cities of the tropics, follows approximately the same course that it is taking at home. In the European quarters, large office blocks are required, and the most important are generally designed by London architects. But the strength of the sun necessitates in the East a complete reversal of the northern architects' attitude towards light. European and American modern architectural developments have been directed towards procuring the maximum of daylight for the interior. This has led such architects as Herr Mendelsohn in Germany to designing almost entirely in steel and glass. As Mr. J. C. Squire put it at the dinner given to Mendelsohn in London by the Architects' Club: "The other Mr. Mendelsohn is chiefly remembered nowadays for writing songs without words. This Mr. Mendelsohn has made his reputation by building windows without walls."

The innovation made by Mr. T. C. Foster, F.R.I.B.A., in the recently erected Port Trust Building at Rangoon is of a kind that must be of the greatest importance to Europeans in the tropics. The building itself is a good example of the type of city building that has been erected in considerable numbers in this country. An order rises through three storeys, the intervals between the columns being, in the northern latitudes, devoted entirely to windows. In this instance, Mr. Foster has set arches on the columns instead of the flat entablature that is usual, and thus made room for the windows of the third floor. He was, perhaps, supported in this deflection from strict classic usage by the precedent of Diocletian's Palace at Spalato, where the practice of the Eastern Empire of setting arches directly on columns without an intervening entablature was apparently accepted into the imperial canon. But whatever the precedent, the resulting design is eminently satisfactory. The ground floor of the building is given up to accountancy, the first and second to general administration, the third and top floors to the engineering department, the latter being lit by a series of saw-tooth north lights throughout its length. The structure consists of a steel frame, brick, plaster and reconstructed stone.

Owing to the necessity of using the maximum floor space for offices, the space that is usually sacrificed for verandah on the western front was not available, and the architect was faced with the problem of protecting the windows from the direct rays of the sun without obstructing the light or ventilation of the building as a whole. On the south front the wall is recessed a considerable distance behind the order, thus giving protection from the vertical rays of the sun, but, to the west, the window surface has been brought almost flush with the columns. It was here that invention was called into play.

The solution of this problem—of preventing the direct rays from penetrating to the interior while still assuring the maximum of light—was found in the use of honeycomb porcelain jalis, manufactured by the Royal Doulton Potteries, Lambeth. A simple jali is made by setting a number of convex tiles one above the other. These Doulton jalis are of stone terra-cotta, with a jade green glaze, and are nine inches deep. The first experiment was made with the tiles only eight inches deep, but this was found insufficient to exclude all direct rays and the depth was therefore increased. By this simple yet extremely effective expedient, the building receives the maximum of ventilation and lighting, but is kept cool.

The jade glaze of the terra-cotta introduces a welcome splash of colour into the white building. A series of brightly toned roundels in the spandrels of the arches, depicting shipping subjects, also in glazed terra-cotta, serve the same end.

Though in this case the introduction of colour by means of terra-cotta was in the nature of an afterthought, or, at any rate, was the product of a necessity gracefully met by invention, the architects working in the East would do well to consider the colouring of their elevations by means of glazed terra-cotta. The material is being used to an ever-increasing extent by American architects whose clients have realised the beauty and effectiveness of colour in architecture. Nowhere is colour more desirable than in the East, or more natural, and no material can offer such a range of permanent colour as terra-cotta.



A WINDOW PROTECTED FROM THE SUN'S RAYS BY HONEYCOMB PORCELAIN TILES.

## THE ESTATE MARKET EFFICACY OF AUCTIONS

**A**UCTIONS are unequalled in efficacy for the speedy and advantageous realisation of property. Two or three examples occur this week of another end that is served by them, namely, the saving of properties of particular importance. Hengistbury Head was to have been brought under the hammer, but Sir Howard Frank's private negotiations, recently announced in *COUNTRY LIFE*, were so successful that we are now able to add that the portion sold to Bournemouth Corporation is about to be formally enrolled as part of that fascinating resort. Another gratifying announcement is that Radley College, having acquired 250 acres of the Wick Hall estate, a sale entrusted to Messrs. Jackson Staps and Staff, is now safe on all sides from encroachments by building, and that the College estate extends, with the present addition, to nearly a square mile.

### BERKELEY SQUARE SITE.

**T**HERE is a possibility of a magnificent hotel arising on the Berkeley Square and Bruton Street site of 55,000 sq. ft. on which stands fifteen houses Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 Berkeley Square, and 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, Bruton Street, held on 99 years' leases at a ground rent of £5,800 per annum. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer the property on September 25th, with Messrs. Wilson and Co.

The auction on September 18th of the remaining portions of Lofts Hall estate, Saffron Walden, will be held by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Bishop's Stortford, in forty-three lots, including six farms and thirty-seven cottages in and near Elmdon, altogether 1,233 acres; and, at the same time, the adjoining property, Piggotts, a sixteenth century moated farmhouse and 13 acres will be sold. In 1927 the mansion, dated 1579, was offered by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., with from 116 acres up to 4,180 acres. Lofts Hall is four miles from Audley End and noted for its old octagonal chimney shafts, an original crow-stepped gable, original transomed lights in at least one of the windows, and the moulded work of other late sixteenth century windows. Some of the earliest work inside the house was painted by owners to whom beauty unadorned did not appeal. The panelling in the drawing-room was so treated and many changes are made in the house. The coming sale is, as stated, only of "remaining land."

Redisham Hall, Beccles, sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, includes the Georgian residence and 409 acres.

Lord Sanderson has purchased No. 8, Sloane Gardens, a Willett-built residence, the agents being Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. William Willett, Limited.

### SALE OF A SUSSEX MANOR.

**DRUNGWICK MANOR**, three miles from Rudgwick, a beautiful old house and 295 acres, were sold just before the auction by Messrs. Wilson and Co., who have now resold the house and 70 acres. There is hunting with Lord Leconfield's and the Chiddingfold Foxhounds, golf at Cranleigh, Merrow Downs and Mannings Heath, first-rate shooting over the estate, and coarse fishing in the River Arun, to which the estate has considerable frontages. Drungwick Manor is said to have been the seat of the first Bishop of Chichester. The house still bears the date of 1216. The manor originally belonged to the Abbey of Seez, in Normandy, and thereafter to the Priory of Arundel. The house was re-built in 1438.

Next Monday, at Ufford Place, Woodbridge, many choice examples of English furniture dating from the Stuart period to the late eighteenth century, including a set of Chippendale chairs (six small and two arms) on carved cabriole legs, and Chippendale settees, seventeenth century cabinets, old oak cabinets and chests, Charles II chairs, old French furniture, English eighteenth century drinking glasses, and old English colour prints, will be sold, in an auction embracing over 1,500 lots, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons for executors.

Castle Godwyn, Painswick, has been let unfurnished, with 68 acres, by Messrs. G. H. Bayley and Sons, who say that the new tenant's attention was directed to the property by a notice in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The stone house stands in lovely gardens, a few miles from Cheltenham, and 650 feet above sea level.

Tenchleys Park, adjoining Limpsfield Common and golf course, is a well planned house in 24 acres 600 ft. above sea level and commanding glorious views. Executors have asked Messrs. Langridge and Freeman to sell it.

Saxon remains have been found at Highdown Hill, on the Sussex coast, part of the Ferring Estate, near Worthing, which is to be sold next Thursday, September 18th, at Worthing by Messrs. King and Chasemore. Highdown Hill, 52 acres of down-land, commands views over the sea from Beachy Head to Selsey Bill, and to the north towards Arundel. The clump of trees is a landmark for miles.

### MR. WELLS'S ESSEX HOME SOLD.

**MR. H. G. WELLS**, retaining Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, has sold Easton Glebe, Dunmow, an early Georgian house with 14 acres (situated in Easton Lodge deer park, the property of Lady Warwick). Mr. Wells has improved the property, and the late Mrs. Wells devoted herself to the garden, which is one of the most delightful in Essex.

By private treaty, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have just sold the residential property known as The Rock, Scaynes Hill, Sussex, 24 acres, which includes 10 acres of woodland; and a small house with a formal garden, No. 1, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea. The firm is to offer the Angley Park estate, Cranbrook, Kent, towards the end of September, failing a sale privately. If not sold, the mansion will be demolished. The estate extends to 433 acres, including the mansion, two old residences, Friezley House and Whitewell, and a farm of 143 acres.

Mid-Norfolk property, Wood Hill, at Gressenhall, near East Dereham, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

### AN ESSEX BARGAIN.

**SOME** people think of Essex as a flat, unattractive county. They do not know it, nor do they know of the very nice places that can be bought very cheaply in that most accessible of counties. An exceptional opportunity is about to occur in Stock, near Ingatestone, as executors have asked Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, to dispose of a residential property of 7, 20 or 34 acres, 300ft. up on gravel soil, with a nice old house, substantial, compact and comfortable, on two floors, with good-sized rooms, stables, garage and two cottages, in lovely old gardens and meadow land. With 7 acres, the price is £3,500, or with 20 acres, £3,750. The additional 14 acres are intensive fruit-growing lands (as a profitable hobby); over 2,000 apple and plum trees and 5,000 black currant bushes, all in full bearing and splendid condition. There is a site for house and valuable frontages. This portion would be included with the residence if wanted, or would be sold separately at a moderate figure. Stock is a parish the name of which will be remembered in connection with one of Cowper's merriest poems, wherein he depicted the gloom of the local farmers at having to pay tithe, and the melancholy of the parson at being obliged, to keep body and soul together, to exact it. The tithe collection dinner seems to have been but a partial lubricant of a process that was full of friction, and the poem is worth reading for its graphic detail as to the manners and customs of the old type of Essex farmer. We can imagine how the incumbent, a man of education and refinement, rejoiced when the last of his bucolic guests had wiped his mouth on the table-cloth and waddled away.

Littleworth Corner, near Burnham, the residence of the late Sir Charles Russell, has been sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons since the recent auction. The property extends to 40 acres on the borders of Littleworth Common. Mr. A. C. Frost was associated with the firm in the transaction. No. 24, Wilton Street, just off Grosvenor Place, has been sold by private treaty by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons.

Transactions by Messrs. F. D. Ibbett and Co., include the sale by them of Shaw Well, a large residence with views over the Weald; Kilvington, Eynsford; Marchant's Barn; Hildenborough; and Kincraig, Sevenoaks. They have introduced a purchaser of Mr. G. Ireland Russell's residential property, Porchester, Sevenoaks.

### 6,000 ACRES YORKSHIRE OFFER.

**LORD DERWENT** has decided to dispose of Harwood Dale, 6,000 acres, part of his Hackness domain. Miles of small trout streams intersect the land, and there are three grouse moors and a score of large farms. Messrs. J. Cundall and Sons and Mr. Walter Harland are to hold the auction, in 50 lots, at Scarborough on September 25th.

The Glebe Estate, Dry Drayton, was withdrawn at the reserve, and is for sale by private treaty for £5,200, plus £258 for timber, by Messrs. Carter Jonas and Sons.

A Gloucestershire sale by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock is that of Bencombe House, Uley. The property includes a house, the original part dating from the middle of the seventeenth century, but added to since the War, in keeping with its character, and 10 acres.

An Isle of Wight property, Hemewood House, near Ryde, a freehold house, cottage, gardens, farmery and pasture land, and having a total area of 32 acres, is to be offered at a low reserve by Messrs. Fox and Sons, as a private residence or for building.

### VACATION VIGOUR.

**MANY** of the sixty-six country properties comprised in a list by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, have changed hands through that firm in the conventionally quiet month of August. The list shows properties in fourteen counties, aggregating a realisation of roundly a quarter of a million sterling, and it takes no account of purchases made for clients, simply sales. On one of the properties, at Oady, Leicestershire, £29,000 has been spent by the vendor in recent years. That beautiful house, Sherwood Park, Tunbridge Wells, with 50 acres, was a sale effected by Messrs. Harrods, with Messrs. Brackett and Sons, the local agents.

Another notable list of sales is that by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, including: Nos. 10, Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair, a modernised and renovated Georgian house in a secluded position, close to the Park (in conjunction with Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co.); 26, Catherine Street, Westminster, a charming period freehold; and 15, Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood, a non-basement country-style house with garage and garden (in conjunction with Messrs. Anscombe and Ringland); Springhead, Fontwell Magna, Shaftesbury, an old mill and premises adapted for private residence, with about 12 acres of ground, intersected by trout stream and lake; Oak Hayes, Crewkerne, with extensive gardens and garage (in conjunction with Messrs. Lawrence and Sons); Willetstrew, near Tavistock, a freehold old-fashioned house in lovely gardens and grass and other lands, over 48½ acres; Tredethy, Bodmin, a stone-built house, part dating from 1676, with views over the Camel Valley; and The Sanctuary, Hastings, an old freehold residence in grounds enjoying views of Beachy Head (with Messrs. John Bray and Sons).

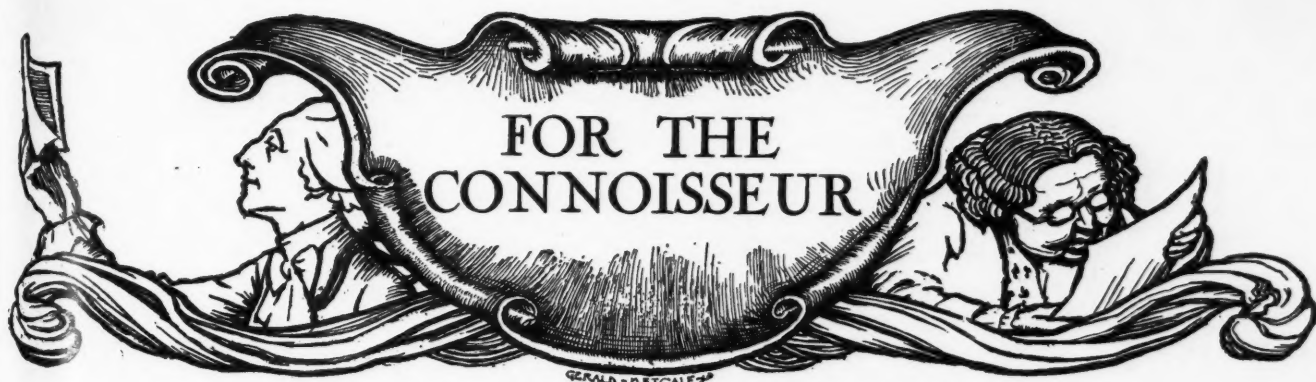
### HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE HOUSES.

**JUST** at the summit of Hampstead Heath, close to the Whitestone Pond, the Bagshot Sand forms the surface layers of the higher ground. It is deep enough to ensure perfect dryness and forms as good a foundation as any other if proper precautions are taken. Heath Brow, for some time held by Sir Hall Caine, is on a Bagshot Sand bed, and it is a very fine old house in a pretty garden. Messrs. Prickett and Ellis have to dispose of the freehold by auction next Wednesday, September 17th, at the Mart.

One of the finest properties in Highgate is for sale by the firm, Littleholt, Wat Hill, with five acres of garden in Merton Lane. It is a house built only two years ago, and in which every approved device for health and comfort has been installed. Woodwork is all oak, rooms are insulated for heat and sound, the parquet floors are of polished cork, all the Crittall window frames have Vita glass, electric heating and lighting, and alternative systems are provided and there are other admirable features in the fitting up. The view of Kenwood and Hampstead Heath is of extraordinary extent and beauty. Lastly, the vendor's reason for sale is that he has to live in another district. This seems to be a chance of acquiring a choice property such as there are very few of anywhere in the inner suburbs.

ARBITER.





## THE FIGDOR COLLECTION OF SCULPTURE

THE main part of the Figdor collection—one of the finest in Europe—will be sold by Paul Cassirer in the last two days of September, at Berlin. The Figdor collection is especially rich in German sculpture of the Gothic period and the Early Renaissance. Although the Italian sculptures are not so numerous, there are some brilliant examples, such as the half-figure of St. Sebastian (Fig. 2)—the fragment of a figure somewhat under life-size—which is the work of the Paduan artist Andrea Briosco, known as Riccio (1470–1532). The saint's body bears the mark of arrows; the anguished half-open mouth and drawn brows resemble Riccio's treatment of the Two Marias in the Museo Civico at Padua. The Sebastian originally formed part of a group of four figures on the Church of San Canziano at Padua, a work of Riccio's naturalistic period. The kneeling angels in terra-cotta (Fig. 1) were attributed in the Figdor catalogue to Benedetto da Majano. They must, however, be the work of some artist familiar with the atelier of Andrea del Verrocchio (1435–86). The treatment of the hair and the expression of the angel facing right resemble those in a terra-cotta bust of a boy in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin, where the attribution rests between Francesco Francia and Onofri. There are certain Verrocchio-like details in the head and hair of the second angel, who faces left. Among the Italian reliefs is the bust of a boy with curly hair, carved in low relief by Matteo Civiale of Lucca (1436–1501); and a bust of Francesco Sforza in profile. A wide frame for a circular mirror, of glazed ware, is, as Dr. Bode wrote, reminiscent of Luca della Robbia's "singing and dancing angels"; and he considered it an early work of Luca's, vivid in its varied expression as the children of the Cantoria at Florence (Fig. 3).

In the section of Tyrolean and Austrian carving is an interesting lime-wood figure of St. George, dating from the late fourteenth

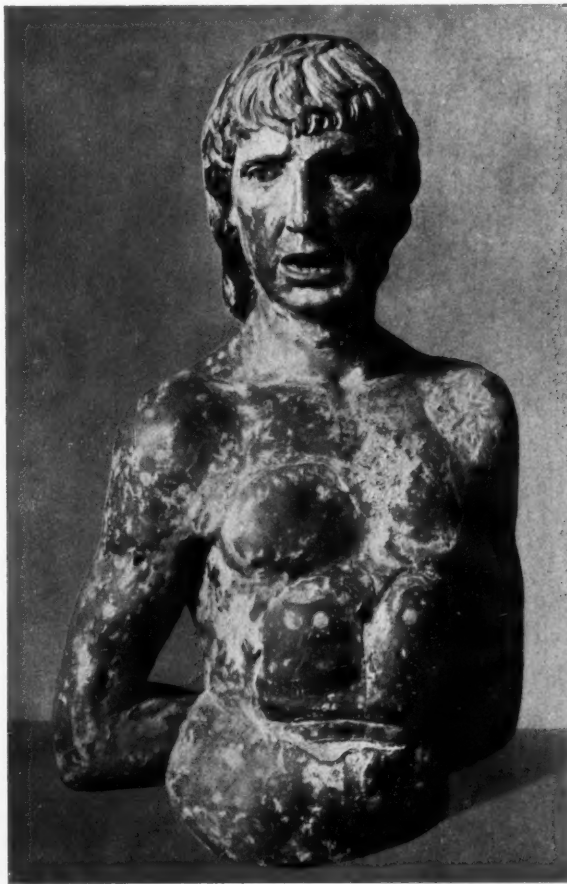
century. The slender figure, bare-headed and fully armed, stands firmly with both feet on the dragon; in his right hand the saint holds his long shield painted with the cross; the right hand held his lance. This figure, which comes from Brixen, is well preserved, and shows much of the original colouring (Fig. 6). Another knightly figure, dating from the close of the fifteenth century, represents St. Florian, with a vessel of water with which he extinguishes a burning building. The attenuated, mannered figure has lost its left arm and the sword. St. Florian, a soldier of the Roman army martyred about the year 300, put out the flames of a burning city with water from a bucket; and towards the close of the fifteenth century many houses in Austria, the Tyrol and Bohemia were painted with his image as a protection against fire. A figure of St. Stephen, which dates from about 1490, probably by the Master of Kefermarkt, comes from the Tyrol or Upper Austria. The figure of the young saint, who wears a long surplice, bears a close resemblance in facial type, expression and treatment of hair to figures of the Kefermarkt altar of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen. The workshop of Michael Pacher at the close of the fifteenth century is represented by a lime-wood relief of the Death of the Virgin Mary, who sinks, supported by St. John. The other apostles are grouped beside her and in the background. It came from the Franciscan church in Salzburg, formerly dedicated to the Virgin, for which an altar was ordered in 1484 from Michael Pacher, which was not finished on the Master's death four years later.

A group of Christ in the house of Simon the Pharisee in carved oak, representing Christ seated at a table while Mary Magdalene dries his feet with her hair, is a characteristic work of Benedikt Dreiger of Lubeck (who worked between 1510 and 1553).

A lime-wood group from Wiblingen by a Swabian sculptor, shows the influence of the school of Tilman Riemenschneider



1.—KNEELING ANGEL.  
Italian. Late fifteenth century.



2.—ST. SEBASTIAN, BY A. BRIOSCO (RICCIO).  
Second quarter of the fifteenth century.



3.—MIRROR-FRAME, BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

in its emotional intensity, and vivid rendering of movement and gesture. Of the three kneeling figures the foremost, a bearded man (Joseph of Arimathea) holds a linen cloth in his hands; behind him is a woman wringing her hands, and a young man (St. John) with folded hands (Fig. 5). This group may be compared with two weeping women in the Deutsches Museum, Berlin, who are probably the mourners on the other side of the centre figures in an Entombment. An alabaster figure of the Virgin and Child, from St. Trond in Limburg, which dates from the middle of the fourteenth century, is either of Netherlandish or English work. Its resemblance to the Flawford Madonna, now in the Nottingham Museum, one of three figures found in Flawford Chapel which rank among our most perfect mediæval images, renders an English origin possible.

Among furniture so richly carved as to be included among the Gothic sculpture is a small four-posted bed from Brabant, in which the head and foot are carved with the Adoration of the Kings and of the Shepherds. The four posts bear as finials figures of angels, and the long sides of the bed are carved with traceried openings. This bed dates from the middle years of the fifteenth century.

#### BOXES AND CASKETS.

Of the many small wooden boxes and caskets in this collection dating from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, the most interesting is the circular box from the Spitzer collection (Fig. 4)



4.—CIRCULAR SIENESE BRIDAL CASKET.

having its sides enriched with six coloured reliefs in gesso. Of these reliefs two consist of a *putto* holding a shield of arms, while in the other four a leopard, a lion and other animals are represented. In the cover-picture a youth with bowed head offers his heart to a lady, a design which Alfred Scharff in "Der Cicerone" (1930) compares with a pen drawing by Pisanello in the Lugt collection in Holland. In this drawing, however, the attitude of the youth differs considerably. The youth in the cover-picture wears a sleeveless fur-trimmed mantle on which is the impresa of a leafless tree with the legend "Per la forza delli contrarii venti." Molinier, in his catalogue of the Spitzer collection (1893), attributed this cover-picture to the painter and medallist Pisanello, while Weisbach saw in it the work of Pessellino, and a third group of critics attribute it to the Sieneese artist Domenico di Bartolo (1400-46). There are two choice examples of *minnekästchen*, a term given in the Romantic period to the small boxes or caskets which were offered as love gifts, and which are figured in a French manuscript dating from about 1400 in the Berlin Museum. One of these boxes is overlaid with a veneer of coloured woods, while the inside of the lid is painted with a shield of arms in the centre and two scenes in which "Frau Minne," with bow and arrow, figures with a youth. This box, which comes from the Upper Rhine provinces, dates from the second quarter of the fourteenth century. The second *minnekästchen*, which dates from the mid-fourteenth century, is of limewood carved with various subjects upon the lid and sides. Upon one side is carved a group of dancing youths and a girl, upon the back the *Spiel des Untreu*, and upon the front two knights on horseback tilting, all these subjects having a leafy background. On the lid, again, tilting knights figure, while on one side of the box parrots are carved perched amid scrollwork and oak foliage.

6.—ST. GEORGE.  
Tyrolese. Late fourteenth century.5.—GROUP FROM AN ENTOMBMENT.  
Swabian. Early sixteenth century